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Around Town.

One consolation the poor always have, and that is that they will have no money for heirs to squabble over. It must be a heartsickening task for rich people without families of their own, to anticipate the rare rows and heart-burnings which may be occasioned by the legacies they will leave behind them. It is thought wonderful that more of those with wealth do not found institutions of some sort, but possibly there is even less pleasure in recognizing that the only difference between leaving money to relatives and to institutions, is that strangers will squabble over it in one case, while one's kinspeople will fight over it in the other. Institutions are so frequently made for the officers rather than the students or inmates, that they are seldom much of a success unless the endowments are so large as to make their organization perfect.

Nothing brings out the meanness and cold, clammy selfishness of the average human being more distinctly than being the recipient of a legacy while others of the same family have been ignored. True, the one with a legacy may very well say to himself or herself, "If I divide this up there won't be a great deal for any of us, and nobody will thank me, while everyone will criticize me if I give to the worthy and the unworthy alike." When this is the case it is perhaps just as well for the recipient of the bounty of the dead to ignore the golden rule and keep all the money himself. When, however, one member of a family has always been unfortunate while others have always been fortunate, though perhaps more worthy of good luck, it seems hard that the old scriptural adage should be enforced, "Unto him who hath shall be given."

I have a case in mind where the daughter of a poorish family lived in luxury all her married days, secure from hearing either by day or night the snarling of the hunger-wolf at her door. Her brother was poor and had a large family, but she cared nothing for anyone but herself and her own. By some queer freak of justice her aged mother had a very large fortune left her. She was old, feeble, and had never received much attention from her daughter, with whom she lived, but as soon as the windfall came the daughterly love woke up and blossomed like a rose-bush in spring-time. The greatest kindness was showered upon her, and shortly afterwards she passed away, full of years and happy in the effusive affection of those about her, leaving all her wealth to her of the late-blooming love. The brother, who sorely needed a few thousand dollars, asked the sister to assist him in his affliction and misfortune, but not a cent would she give up of the money bequeathed to her, though it was enough to make what would be called in this country fortunes for at least two or three. Perhaps, in the cold logic of a none too tender-hearted world, she argued that if she gave him but a small portion he would dislike her for not giving more, while if she gave him a great deal he might not know how to use it, being unaccustomed to having a surplus. At any rate, the incident proves that blood is not always thicker than water, though it has been said that he (or she) who cares not for his own is worse than the heathen. However, in many respects civilization hardens some of our tenderest impulses and shortens the tendrils which embrace the lives of others. Corporations are always soulless, and it is quite easy in domestic life to turn one's own immediate family into a corporation as close as that described in the old man's prayer, "O Lord bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more, Amen."

Short-lived as are our compassionate impulses, the memory of Antonio Maceo, the Cuban patriot, and his horrible betrayal and assassination by the Spaniards will certainly outlast the century. Surely the cause of Cuba will not suffer nor their battle for liberty be lost because of this brutal murder, for while his mangled body may lie buried in the red earth of the island which he tried to free, his spirit, like that of the immortal John Brown, will go marching on. However, this is already an old story to the readers of the daily papers, and I would not revive it only that I noticed this week in a Spanish paper published in New York, that a reviewer, speaking of the people and literature of America past and present, taunts this continent with decadence and charges the youth of America with being traitors to the ideals so revered in Spain. The tirade would be amusing had it not appeared at a moment when all Spain was gloating over the death of a man who was shot to pieces under a flag of truce. Yet the paper in question, published by one of the gentlest and kindest of men, and the official organ of the Spanish in America and endorsed by the Church, thinks that we are decadent and that chivalry and blind devotion to religious superstitions are better than the liberty and progress of the new world—and in the reviewer's scorn is included the advancement made by the Latin republics. Very frequently we are forced to marvel at the strange aspects of the same thing seen from different points of view, but it seems incredible that people ancient as to years, hospitable without bounds, brave in war and "religious" always, should, even at the end of this century, regret the passing away of the Inquisition and the breaking upon the world of the light of

education, invention and progress. Archbishop Langevin and those who in fierce sermons sympathize with his retrograde movements, should certainly move to Spain. They would not be missed from Canada, and in the benighted Peninsula would probably be persecuted as being too liberal for the age.

Talking about seeing things from different points of view, my esteemed co-laborers in the Ministerial Association manage to see things—purposely, I often think—in a vastly different light from that in which they are seen by those who do not take all their ideas from the same or similar sources. I do not quite know whether to agree or disagree with them as to their criticism of the glove contests, given weekly I believe, in the Athletic Club. These contests are not prize fights, as alleged by some, are not dangerous to life, and though a little hard "slugging" is perhaps indulged in occasionally, equally hard slugging, though of a rhetorical sort, is rumored, occasionally takes place in the Ministerial Association and no one is any the worse. The Athletic Club was organized and the building erected about twenty years before they were due. It

Ministerial Association will not, in their threatened discussion of the subject, be too hard on the boys and their boxing nights at the club. Already some of the gentlemen of the cloth have admitted that boxing matches are less dangerous and not more brutal than a football scrimmage, and yet it would be a hopeless and thankless task for the pulpit to try to stop football. Indeed, they will not try it unless they wish to bring up the boys of this generation as a race of mollycoddles.

How is it vacant houses go to rack and ruin with such rapidity? Anyone who has ever observed the suddenness with which desolation broods over empty rooms, might easily imagine that an evil spirit takes possession of uninhabited places and glories in the destruction of every evidence that the apartments were ever occupied or at any time had ever looked like the home of anything but ghosts. Even if one leaves the furniture in a house and closes it up for the summer, with no one to sweep or dust or make it uncomfortable for the Spirits of Vacancy, when the place is re-opened in the fall it is filled with unwholesome odors; the human voice echoes through the halls; the

ent inappropriateness; that smell of paint which is so abominably suggestive of a house having been "done over"—indeed the whole business makes one feel like living in a hotel. The transient and uncomfortable idea is intensified, however, in the same way that hotel life is made more intensely miserable by having everybody that you knew in the place leaving you there alone to pick up new friends or remain on, utterly lonesome, according to circumstances. I can remember a half a dozen instances where, with a pleasant party for a week, a hotel has appeared a really likable place, but when they had "packed up" and I had seen them off on a train and had gone back to even the most comfortable rooms, it seemed like going home after a funeral.

So it is going back into a house that has been altered, no matter whether the alterations are an improvement or not. I think men more than women are conservative in their ideas and dislike of change. Housewives, with an idea of preventing the carpets wearing out in spots and with speculative tendencies as to whether the articles in a room would not look better arranged differently, would as a rule move

they dress their hair and the style of their clothes, and from relics of better days they display, whether they are better off or worse off than they were twenty years ago.

Walk up Yonge street of an evening and study the hair-dressing of the women in front of you, and though the fashionable *coiffure* is more or less alike on everybody, the way the head is carried and the hair put up shows a special spirit in nearly every case. Oddly enough, very plain women dress their hair with the greatest care. Notice a particularly fine hirsute adornment elaborately put together, and in nineteen cases out of twenty you will find a spirited and homely face in front of it. Watch, too, the way women carry the back of their skirts with their hands, and there is an object lesson in every switch of the dress. With some the posture is as immobile as that of a statue; with others it is an invitation to stare at them as you pass; with still others the languid fingers hold the garment as if the wearer were intensely weary, and I have found a good deal of interest in guessing what the people are like who are in front of me as I trudge homeward. With a sort of grim justice, many of those whom you would guess to be pretty from their contour and their carriage are very disappointing, while others who are not at all noticeable as your brisk pace carries you past them will glance up with beautiful eyes and show an extremely pretty face.

Isn't it quite likely that those to whom the mirror exhibits a pretty face are more or less forgetful that the carriage and spirit of a woman are more attractive than regular features and a pretty complexion? As a rule those who have a talent that borders upon genius depend upon it and forget to cultivate other phases of their character which would be attractive and add to their power and usefulness. Many clever men are slovens, and nearly all very clever women are, at least until they become so famous that they seek to adorn themselves. Even then, as a rule, their clothes are bizarre and their taste in dress bad. So it is with pretty women; they almost invariably depend upon their beauty, while their homelier sisters learn that there is something in the spirit and movement of life which covers up freckles and straightens turn-up noses and adds a halo to unpopular shades of hair.

Wenowae, the old Indian woman of the Algonquin tribe whose portrait, place of residence and worldly belongings are shown in our front page picture to-day, is a famous character in New Ontario, although she lives just across the Quebec boundary line. It is not often that a squaw leaves her tribe, but this extremely old woman has lived by herself for years, for some reason, and finds her own food. She traps game and catches fish, and dresses herself in animal pelts. When our photographer reached her camping place about a month ago, he found, as the picture shows, dried muskrats hanging on a pole and a fine catch of fish, and the old lady seemed quite careless of the winter weather that was closing in. She evidently is one of the very clever women.

Last Sunday morning a strange clergyman—a preacher of another denomination—occupied the pulpit of a certain church in the west end of the city. In his opening prayer he made petition that the Almighty should "save Toronto from the disgrace of Sunday cars." Being in favor of Sunday cars, having voted for them, intending to vote for them again, what was the duty of several in the congregation who, on the car question, were in point-blank opposition to the man in the pulpit? They could do nothing but mentally disapprove and decline to join in the petition. They asked: Who is this stranger who comes in here and so confidently assumes that he is right, in the sight of heaven, in a controversy in which the people of this city are evenly divided? Instead of being guided, is he not presuming to guide divine wisdom? Would any man kneel in the presence of a visible God and dare to offer up such a prayer as this was, taken all in all—never a reverential or humble note in it—fluent, aggressive, confident on all points?

There are men in every congregation in this city who believe that the running of street cars on Sunday would be a public convenience and not in the least injurious to the morality and piety of the town. They are just as honest in their beliefs as are those who oppose Sunday cars. They are not wreckers. They have lived elsewhere, that is all, and know that a large city cannot go on forever with the conveniences of a village. Many of them are sincere Christians, but they hold that Christianity is strong enough to minister to the conditions of a nineteenth century city or a thirtieth century city, as well as to an eighteenth century village. A religion that may really be said to have been founded with the creation of the world, and which has shown a vitality and a scope that promise to ultimately make it dominate the earth, is not endangered by such a trifle as the opening of a means of transit on Sunday in this one little spot, infinitely smaller than a pin-head on the map of the world. It is the intelligence of the city, and not its piety, that is tested when this matter is voted upon at the polls.

There is another side to it also, and it is the
Continued on Page Four.



WENOWAE.

An Algonquin Woman over One Hundred Years of Age, who lives alone in her Tepee on the shores of Lake Kippewa.
Photo by Mr. R. H. Holmes.

has been a hard matter to keep the thing going, and these glove contests being attractive bring quite a revenue. If these exhibitions were given to the members of the club only, it would relieve the affairs from a good deal of the distaste which even some of those who are liberally patronizing it, occasionally express. Outsiders, some of them not quite the sort that parents would choose to have associate with their sons, are permitted to attend on payment of a fairly generous fee, and the best of the patrons of the institution have more or less vague fears that this class of company, rather than the glove contests, may do harm. However, boys and young men have very little contact in the club with these somewhat "sporty" visitors—much less contact, in fact, than the youth who must make his living has with equally objectionable elements almost every day of his life.

As to the manly art of self-defence, the youth who is taught it has a great advantage over the one who is unable to properly defend himself when assaulted. Knowing how to "put up his dukes" gives a young fellow confidence and self-containment and adds to his safety. It is not the well-bred young man who knows how to fight who is always looking for trouble—the reverse is almost invariably true—and he will have nothing to do with fisticuffs unless for amusement, exercise, or to keep himself in practice. These exhibitions encourage young fellows to learn boxing, but if they know anything about the art they are almost sure to occasionally go to places where they can see a few rounds between skilled contestants. If they are to see such things it is much better that they go to places like the Athletic Club, where sports of all legitimate kinds are encouraged, than take excursions into the country, where, in the barn or the ball-room of a roadside tavern, in the midst of the toughest kind of a crowd, they will see much worse exhibitions. Boys will be boys, and in matters of this sort it takes them a long while to get old enough to turn away from a sharp boxing match. Altogether it is to be hoped the

piano is out of tune; the fire won't light in the range; shuttered windows are broken, and either we have forgotten where we put things or the sprites have moved them, for nothing can be found, and the clock won't go.

Of course the unshuttered windows of a vacant house are a proper target for the baseballs and shilly blocks of all the boys in the neighborhood, and there is no dirt so delightfully adapted for the making of mud pies as that which is dug from under the sod of the boulevard. The horse of the doctor who is visiting next door pulls his weight until he can get his front feet on your grass, and he digs a hole big enough for the burial of the dog who has industriously piled bones on your doorstep. No matter how careful a man you get to cut your grass and take care of the yard, weeds spring up everywhere and everything is brown and unkempt, while the grass-plots of your neighbors are as fresh and green as the memory of a good time.

Like the human body out of which the soul has gone, the house out of which life has gone soon falls into decay, no matter how conscientiously the policeman on the beat looks after it or how much is spent on outside caretakers. If the furniture is removed and stored it never seems to go back in the old places and look as it did before. If it is sold and other adornments and articles of use gathered together instead, everything looks strange and one is offended with it all, as in meeting with old friends we feel chilled and mortified by the coldness of their demeanor and their changed style of dress and the flippancy with which they talk of things that we remembered as being almost sacred to our friendship. The pain of meeting a changed friend is evanescent, for people soon pass out of sight and we begin to imagine that the fault was with ourselves. But the actual unhappiness of looking at new pictures on familiar walls; new furniture in well loved nooks which are associated with some thought or incident; new wall-paper which fairly sickens us with its newness and appar-

things around once every two or three months, if not every two or three weeks. It once took me ten weeks of moving the things in my own room in lodgings back to the old places, to indicate to my landlady that I had settled views as to the locality which each article of furniture should occupy. It takes one quite a month of disappointment and disgust to get used to the head of one's bed being changed from one wall to another, but when everything is settled for that period it would be really a trial which would be quite as hard to bear if they were put back in their old places. It is idle to say that one should not be affected by trifles, but the great majority of people are influenced by little things and made uncomfortable by changes, even if the changes are for the better. It is a fortunate thing that it is so, otherwise the civilized section of the human race would be as nomadic as savages, the men as polygamous as the Turks, and the women as great vagabonds as the men. Fortunately people do not experiment very much, and few ever realize that there is something in being a well attired and well fed vagabond, or the number of globe-trotters would be swelled many hundredfold.

Talking about what we are used to and those things that we insist upon having, suggests a kindred topic of how the character and circumstances of people are indicated by the way they furnish their houses and dress themselves. Go into almost any home that has been a home for any length of time, and you can guess almost unfailingly the degree of prosperity which reigned there when the house was first furnished. Pieces of furniture will mark the progress of prosperity or decadence, and if one is permitted to go through all the rooms, a calendar showing how that family has gone up or down could easily be prepared. The old things taken out of the parlor and put in the sitting-room, and from the sitting-room into the sewing-room or the play-room, and the new things that have followed them, all show the track of growing splendor or the trail of increasing difficulties. If you notice middle-aged women on the street you can tell from the way

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A Walk With Ishbel

From Short Stories.

"DON'T mind talking to you, you know," said Ishbel—she insists on being spelled that way—"because you're not a stupid boy, and you have a nice detached point of view, but you must promise when I tell you things not to imagine I mean myself."

"How could I imagine you a thing?" I asked reproachfully.

"You know what I mean," said Ishbel, with severity. "When I was quite young," she pursued—she is twenty-two—"I used to fancy that authors put themselves into their stories. Now I know they never do—except, of course, Richard Harding Davis."

"Well, I am not quite young," I said crossly. "Go on."

"But you didn't promise."

"I promise."

Ishbel adjusted her hat-pin. "Once there was a girl," she began, "who at the age of seventeen was sent to England to visit her father's people. That's rather a nice beginning, isn't it?" she interrupted herself. "It sounds as if it might be print. Do you think if you saw a story with a beginning like that you would read it?"

"Candidly?" I enquired.

"Of course."

"I don't think I should."

There was a dangerous glitter in her eye.

"But," I hastened to add, "reading a story is very different to having you tell it, you know. I could listen to you for a thousand years."

She was mollified. "It won't take that long," she assured me with a smile. There is no word for her smile but delicious.

"Do go on," I said. "Did she like the people?"

"Well, some of them," doubtfully. "You see they were English and she was American."

"Yes."

"And—and young, and they bullied her a little. The next time—with animation, "I mean—when I go over, I don't think they'll bully me!"

"I don't fancy they will."

"And so, you see, she didn't have as good a time as she might exactly. But she did have a love affair."

"Oh," said I.

"Yes," said Ishbel, poking the ground with her parasol, "with a detrimental."

"Oh," said I again.

"Yes," said Ishbel. "He was a sort of distant connection of hers, a lawyer, what they call over there a solicitor, you know. He—she said he was very much in love—and so was she."

"Confound"—I began.

"I beg your pardon?" said Ishbel.

"I meant," I said sternly, "it is very wrong of detrimentials to make love to girls."

"It is," agreed Ishbel. "But he was very—oh, very honorable. Things had gone, well, they had gone rather far, you know, but the week before she sailed, when he proposed—at least he didn't exactly propose, but he told her he had only three hundred a year and that of course it was out of the question in England to marry on that and he couldn't bear the idea of hampering her with a long engagement, and—what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"Are you sure? You put me out. Well, he said she mustn't be engaged to him, but he would hold himself engaged to her, and some day when the senior partner dropped off—I do wish," petulantly, "you wouldn't mutter like that!"

"I grovelled."

"Where was I?" demanded Ishbel. "Oh—well, then they said good-bye, you know, and she was perfectly miserable—if you look so horribly cross I shall send you home—oh, dreadfully miserable!" She felt that she didn't care a straw about other men and there were—she said there were some very nice men on the steamer coming home, too. Balls and parties had no attraction for her, and fandy! for ever so long she hardly took any interest in her frocks! Oh, it was horrid! She only lived for his letters—and somehow they—well, they were not exactly satisfactory. She supposed it was because he was so very honorable, and they were not really engaged, you know. But one day she thought it all over and decided that sort of thing would have to come to an end. She knew she would never be really happy for a moment till he came out, as she knew he would some day, to claim her, but she made up her mind to stop thinking about him as much as possible, and to be a little nice to other men, and try to seem happy, no matter how perfectly miserable she was in reality. The idea was, you see—I think she got it out of a poem—to lock his image up in her heart."

"I see," said I. "And how did it work?"

"It worked very well," said Ishbel reflectively. "She knew she was wretched, but she didn't allow herself to think about it."

"And what happened?" I asked briskly.

"Well, after three years he came."

"Oh! he did!"

"Of course!" said Ishbel sharply. "Did you imagine he didn't?"

"I coughed. "And she unlocked her heart?" I enquired.

"Yes," said Ishbel.

"And the image—?"

"It's a very odd thing," replied Ishbel slowly, "but it wasn't there!"

"I coughed again. "Was her heart—did she find the receptacle—er—empty?" I asked.

"She didn't tell me that!" said Ishbel.

"We walked on. "So that," I remarked presently, "was the reason why that long-legged English fellow—"

"But you promised!" cried Ishbel.

A. G. WARWICK.

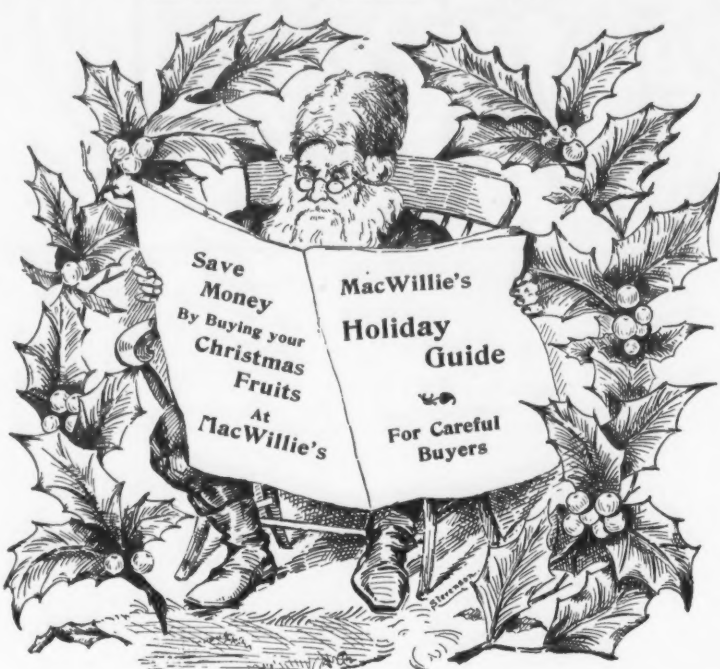
A Polite City Clerk.

"Is this the water office?" she asked, as she entered, with fire in her eye and light in her voice.

"It is, madam," replied the gentle clerk at the desk. "Is there anything I can do for you this fine morning?"

"There may be and there may not be," she replied with much asperity, "but I came in to

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say that while I was drawing water to make coffee for breakfast, a great fish came out of the faucet, and—

"Oh, I see," the clerk interrupted, with an ingratiating smile. "You came in to pay the city for the fish. That was very honest and good of you, I'm sure, but the city will not accept any money for a single fish. It is true the city charges for water only, and does not guarantee to furnish fish as well, and I'm bound to say that most ladies would have taken the fish and said nothing about it. However, the city will not take advantage of your generosity. It will make no charge for it."

With a magnanimous wave of the hand the clerk tried to dismiss the subject, but the caller resumed:

"But this fish was—"

"Oh, yes, I know what you would say. The fish was a fine large one, and made an agreeable addition to your morning meal, but still the city could not think of charging you for it. If you are so very conscientious about it, however, you might keep count of the fish the city supplies in that way, and after you have had say, a dozen, we may make some sort of a charge, but we could not think of accepting pay for one or two, not for a moment."

"Young man," glared the woman, "do you think it is the proper thing to get your fish by way of your water-faucets?"

"To be frank with you, madam, I do not think it is, and for that reason would advise you to say nothing about it, especially among your neighbors. If the people generally got to know that the city was favoring you by sending you fresh fish for breakfast in your water pipes, why, we should have streams of people coming in here to kick because the city does not provide them with fresh fish also. You can easily see that the city cannot undertake to do that. Fine morning, but I think we shall have more rain before night."

The clerk resumed his seat, and the complainant departed, muttering something which no one could hear.

His Manners Proved It.

Mr. Poultny Bigelow, writing in *Harper's Monthly*, tells a story of President Kruger which although supposed to be to his credit, as showing that he is a No-nonsense person, really bears out the abundant evidence going to prove that he is a vain boor. A certain duke, who was by no means conceited, but was somewhat deficient in diplomatic address, was calling upon the President of the Transvaal Republic, and the conversation ran about as follows. Of course it was conducted by means of an interpreter:

Duke—"Tell the President that I am the Duke of—, and have come to pay my respects to him."

Kruger gives a grunt, signifying welcome.

Duke, after a long pause: "Ah! tell him that I am a member of the English Parliament."

Kruger gives another grunt, and puffs away at his pipe.

Duke, after a still longer pause: "And—you might tell him that I am—er—a member of the House of Lords—a Lord—you know."

Kruger puffs as before, and nods his head, with another grunt.

Duke, after a still more awkward pause, during which his Grace appears to have entertained doubts as to whether he had as yet been sufficiently identified: "Er—it might interest the President to know that I was a Viceroy."

Kruger: "Eh! A Viceroy? What's that?"

Duke: "Oh, a Viceroy—that is a sort of a king, you know."

Kruger continued puffing in silence for some moments, obviously weary of this form of conversation. Then turning to the interpreter, he said gruffly: "Tell the Englishman that I was a cattle-herder."

A Knock-Out Blow.

Washington Times.

It was the 900th round of the famous match between the two greatest pugilists of the day. Both men's throats were parched. Their vocal organs quivered under the awful strain of invective and repartee.

Nerving himself for a last effort the champion led for an opening.

"I wish I'd been president of the United States," he said.

"What 'e'll?" responded his opponent, entirely off his guard.

"Den me mug m't be on a postage stamp and yuh m't lick me."

It was a knock-out blow. He's the champion yet.

Calm and Firm.

Mr. James Reilly, an early frontier judge, tells the following tale of his first experience at the court of justice: "I had just been elected judge when a fellow up for horse stealing consented to be tried by six jurors. Most of the men were off gold digging. Well, I summed up. The jury retired. I waited a long time outside. The jury waited longer inside. The sheriff tried to get in. I got in when I lost patience. Five were for conviction. The sixth, a friend of the prisoner, for acquittal. He was a desperate chap. I tackled him. When we commenced he was 'the bully of Little Elk Creek.' When we ended I was. He volunteered to bring in a verdict of guilty before I let him up. I lost two of my fingers by bowie-knife amputation. I was very popular there! My calm, firm administration of the law touched them."

Adroit Reply.

Doctor Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1848, upheld the dignity of his position in the fashion deemed necessary.

One day he drove up to the door of the House of Lords in a coach and four, with liveried coachman and two footmen. A Quaker, who knew him, addressed him:

"Friend Howley, what would the Apostle Paul have said if he had seen these four horses and the purple liveries and all the rest?"

The archbishop, who was seldom flustered, replied with a benignant smile, "Doubtless the apostle would have remarked that things were very much changed for the better since his time."

They had been sitting in the dark for a long time. Suddenly she asked, "Have you a match?" "No," he replied, "but if you'll help me I can make one." The cards are out.

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HOLIDAY BOOKS

"If I had not been brought up a Dean," says Dr. Hole of Rochester, "there are three other vocations I should have liked to have followed: master of a pack of hounds, head gardener in a large nursery, or a bookseller. I think the last is the best office of the three."

Some of the finest picture books for children that I have ever seen are on sale at Harold A. Wilson's, 35 King Street West. They are so clever in their mechanism—for some of them have an intricate mechanism—and so beautiful that the purchaser is taken by storm. One of these, called Magic Pictures, contains Little Bo-Peep, and many other old friends treated in a new way. Bo-Peep stands in a picture crying, while a verse underneath asks you to find her sheep. If you pull a little card at the bottom of the page the picture is suddenly transformed into a nice green and white picture of a flock of sheep. In the book there are six of these dual sliding pictures. The principle of the thing is simple and not easily deranged. Dissolving Views is another clever creation in the way of a child's picture book. Each colored picture page has a string to it, and by twisting this the sequel at once takes the place of the picture. There are fairytale pictures, Sweeties from Fairyland and Peeps into Fairyland being two of these, which are even more elaborate than the other two designs mentioned. These remarkably pretty and captivating novelties range in price from 50 cents to \$1.50 each, and are sure to be the hit of the holiday season. The Harold A. Wilson Co. also sell Harper's Round Table, bound volumes, for \$3.50, and St. Nicholas, bound volumes, for \$5.

If we could imagine a great book-lover entering a book store to-day after an absence of twenty, or even ten years, we would have as fine an exhibition of delighted surprise as anyone could wish. To those of us who live on the edge of the publishing business the progress in book-making is nothing short of marvelous. The elegant edition of Sheridan's Rivals and The School for Scandal, illustrated by Frank M. Gregory, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., and sold by William Tyrrell & Co. of 12 King Street West, Toronto, for \$2 a copy, would, a few years ago, have cost several times the amount, if indeed they could have been produced at all. These two books make a tasty present. Uniform with these and at the same price, Tyrrell sells Bulwer Lytton's Richelieu, illustrated by F.C. Gordon. Stedman's Victorian Anthology, so bepraised by literary people, is offered at \$2.50. The Canadian poets are given forty-six pages in this volume. Browning, in two volumes, complete, for \$1.50, may be described as the best comparatively cheap edition published. One book that is elsewhere selling well during the present holidays and should do well in Toronto, is The Game of Golf, by William Park, Jr., illustrated in the most thorough style. Tyrrell sells this for \$2.50. It is a very handsome volume and golfers will prize it highly. When William IV. was King, by John Ashton (\$3.50), is a most interesting work on the fashions and customs of those times. Considering the quality of the literature, the printing and binding of the books mentioned, the prices are simply revolutionary. This noiseless revolution in the price and value of books has been going on for some time, unknown to those who do not haunt the book-stands.

Among the many places of attraction during these holiday times, none offer greater inducements than are presented at the old established book store on the corner of Yonge and Temperance streets. Under the name of the Willard Tract Depository it made for itself a name throughout the land, for choice and wholesome supplies of reading matter, and the new publications of Fleming H. Revell Company of New York and Chicago have fully maintained the reputation. The stock is probably the largest in the city, and this house, being the publishers of several of the most popular books of the season, is in a position to offer exceptionally great bargains. The stock is replete with the most desirable goods for Christmas and New Year presents. The Henty books, which give such pleasure to the boys, and girls too, are here in full lines. Ian MacLaren's inimitable stories of Scottish character, the works of Barrie, Crockett, are all in stock, while the annuals, poets and books of travel are indescribable. The display of art calendars and Christmas cards is in advance of past seasons, and the large sales already made are proof that this form for carrying good wishes is still popular. A visit to the store will well repay, and those who purpose selecting presents from such lines of goods will do well to see this stock ere making purchases.

The Cabot Calendar, of which so much has been said, is out at last, and it proves to be of such merit that it should be treasured by students of Canadian history. The calendar was compiled by Sara Mickle and Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon, and consists of twelve cards, one for each month of 1897, and with an event in Canadian history mentioned for every day in the year. There are full-page portraits of Champlain, Frontenac, Wolfe and Brock, and scattered through the calendar pages portraits of Sebastian Cabot, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Jacques Cartier, General Amherst, D'Iberville, Montcalm, Captain Vancouver, Lord Selkirk, Sir Guy Carleton, Governor Simcoe, Joseph Brant, Col. De Salaberry, Lord Elgin, Lord Durham, General Williams (of Kars), General Inglis and Sir John A. Macdonald.

Readers of New York Truth, which has come to the front as one of the very best of American comic papers, are familiar with the drawings of Woolf. Truth has just issued a little volume containing ninety-nine drawings by this artist. It makes a delightful little book.

The Bookman, New York, in its last issue has this to say of a Canadian poet: Messrs. Copeland & Day have almost ready a new volume of poems entitled Matins, by Francis Sherman, who has a sonnet in the present

number. Mr. Sherman is a young Canadian, midway between twenty and thirty, and this volume contains his virgin verse. A fine sensitiveness of feeling, elevation in thought, and love of beauty strike us as being its most marked characteristics; but it bears on almost every page the stamp of distinction; and so rare an imaginative quality as shines through the whole work and illumines it awakes expectation in the young poet's future. But we are well content meanwhile with Matins. We quote one of the poems, called A Memory:

"You are not with me, though the Spring is here!
And yet it seemed to-day as if the Spring
Were the same one that in an ancient year
Came suddenly upon our wandering."

"You must remember all that chanced that day,
Can you forget the shy, awaking call
Of the first robin?—And the foolish way
The squirrel ran along the low stone wall?"

"—The half-retreating sound of water breaking,
Hushing, falling; while the pine-laden breeze
Told us the tumult many crows were making
Amid innumerable distant trees;

"—The certain presence of the birth of things
Around, above, beneath us—everywhere;
—The soft return of immemorial Springs,
Thrilling with life the fragrant forest air;

"All these were with us then. Can you forget?
Or must you—even as I—remember well?
To-day, all these were with me, there—and yet
They seemed to have some bitter thing to tell;

"They looked with questioning eyes, and seemed to
wait
One's doubtful coming whom of old they knew;
Till, seeing me alone and desolate,
They learned how vain was strong desire of you."

In Gabriel Setoun's book, Robert Urquhart, there are some strong passages criticizing the Code in the English schools—the system of teaching. Here is a brief excerpt that hits off our own system right here in Ontario:

"Boys in the Sixth Standard who had not owned a shilling in all the twelve years of their lives, and to whom a sovereign was wealth unbounded, dabbled in Government Stocks—whatever that meant—with the capitals of millions, and could invoice and receipt bills running into four figures. Some there were who could fling down dates and skip through centuries like boys over stepping-stones, yet they could not count back to the year of their own birth. Others, who had never seen the sea, named lochs on the west coast of Scotland, one for every letter in the alphabet. Every boy in Standard Six remembered that Mount Everest was twenty-nine thousand and two feet above the level of the sea; but not one could even guess at the height of the hill behind them. The oldest boy in the school knew the distance between the earth and the sun, but for the life of him he could not tell how many miles it was to Milford."

It would seem that Mr. Zangwell is resigning his place on the Pall Mall Magazine, for he concludes his last month's article in these words: And now, gentle reader, the hour has come for parting. You have kept me company for a long time, tolerant of all my whimsies and vagaries, and not too restive when I became serious and heavy. I have written for you in many places and in many moods, and I cannot hope to have escaped the mood of dullness. But now at last the pen falls from my tired fingers and I have but the strength to pick it up to bid you farewell—without prejudice.

At the last meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club in London—named after and in honor of the Persian poet-philosopher whose great work is being pushed forward as a Christmas specialty at Tyrrell's book store—Dr. Conan Doyle told a neat little story of Stevenson. The latter invited Doyle to visit him at his home. "But how shall I get there?" asked Doyle. "You

go to America, cross the continent to San Francisco, and then take the second turn to the left," explained Stevenson.

The fine art calendar issued this year by Youth's Companion is very much admired. Four beautiful female figures are reproduced on four folding pages, and the calendar is a fine bit of lithography.

I give a portrait of Mr. Austin Dobson, who was at one time looked upon as certain to receive the post of Poet Laureate, but it went to another and less graceful writer. Mr. Dobson is not a great poet, but he has a good taste



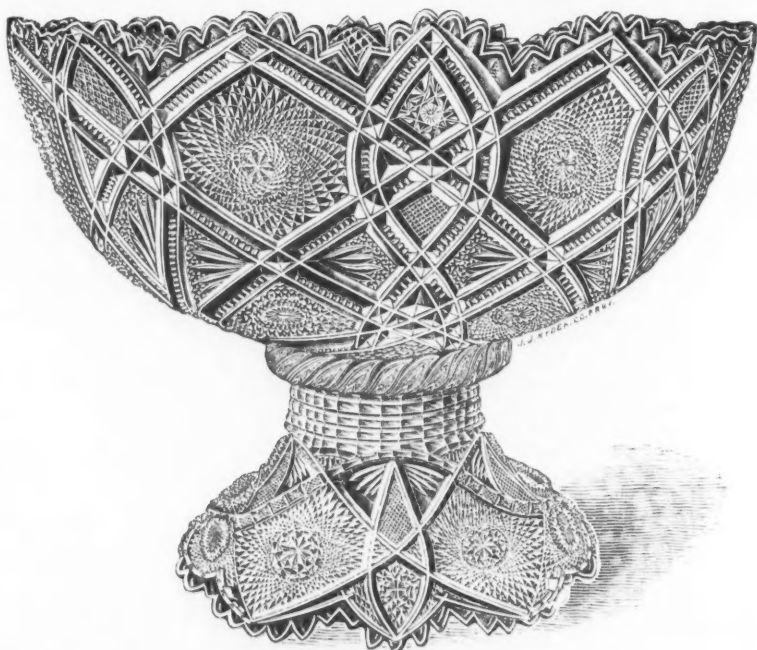
Mr. Austin Dobson.

that never falters, and his verse is popular in society. Perhaps his best known writings are contained in his prose essays, Eighteenth Century Vignettes. He treats of such men as Garrick, Addison, Hogarth, Fielding, Gray, Prior, Charles Lamb, and others who made names in art and literature. The Dodd, Mead & Co. edition is being sold by Tyrrell at \$2.

In an interesting sort of hop, skip, and jump interview with Barrie in The Book-Buyer, he says, among other things: "I am much interested just now in a young Scotchman who calls himself Benjamin Swift. He has written a book called Nancy Noon, which is bound to make a name for him. It's a great deal to say, but I really believe that in a few years he will be one of the best known novelists in England."

Jerome K. Jerome in To-Day gets off the following: I think this rather a delightful idea. Let literature be a commune, and let us do away with properties and positions. I will give to Dr. Conan Doyle the credit of Idle Thoughts if he will let me strut about as the author of Rodney Stone. Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. George Meredith might make a pool, and issue their works to the public as by themselves jointly. Miss Marie Corelli and Miss Edna Lyall might make a corner together in religious novels. Plays might be issued to the public as from the firm of Pinero, Jones, Grundy and Co., and verse might be put upon the market by The Syndicate of Minor Poets, Limited. This should make the critic's task easier and more congenial. Instead of having only one man to abuse, he could slate half a dozen at a time.

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most important. If men who sincerely believe in Sunday cars are to be repulsed by the church, what then? I know several young business men who have ceased attending church until Sunday cars begin to run, and for the reason that they can never be sure, when they go to church, that they shall escape being misjudged and rebuked on this point, their sincerity of conviction flouted, and their beliefs treated as being outside the pale and, without any possible shade of doubt, consciously wicked. What is to be the upshot of it all? Sunday cars are as sure to come in this city as that the sun will rise to-morrow—if not in '97, then in '98; if not in '98, then in '99; if not in '99, then later. No sane man can doubt this. What, then, are we to think when the change comes? Are we to understand that Christianity is then to be abandoned in this town, and those of us who favored the change denied the comforts of religion? If not, why are men persecuted and maligned now, and forced either to stay away from church or to suffer indignities if they venture in when some opinionated man occupies a pulpit and instead of making prayer a privilege of worship, uses it as a weapon in controversy? Don.

A Postoffice Enquiry.

There are lying at the Toronto postoffice, awaiting postage, eight TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT Christmas Numbers addressed to points in Great Britain. One of the addresses is James Marshall, 24 Charing Cross, London. The sender should call at the enquiry wicket, Toronto General Postoffice.

Social and Personal.

The week before Christmas is usually given over to preparation for the festival, the selection and purchase of gifts, the inviting and reception of visiting members of the family, and the general preoccupation is very noticeable. One has no time for calls, no thoughts for society, and but little space for amusements. Generally the advent of the holiday finds the head of the family a bit tired of it in advance. There is so much done in anticipation that the spontaneity of it evaporates. We are a bit *bourgeois* over our celebrations, and that is the secret of their hold upon us. The family circle holds us in a small grip, the little ones have small thoughts, and instead of taking the trouble to give them large ones we prefer to share the small ones. Christmas brings the glint of anticipative getting into many a baby glance. The question is rather, "What am I to get for Christmas?" than "What am I to give?" Therefore Christmas largely fails in its mission, and who must be blamed for it?

Kind hearts, which Tennyson said are more than coronets, wafted kind thoughts from relatives and friends in Canada to England last Wednesday, when Mr. George B. Kirkpatrick, son of our Lieut.-Governor, was married to Miss Mabel Dennistoun, well known in Toronto society. The marriage took place at two o'clock p.m., but, obedient to longitude, that meant between nine and ten a.m. here. The bridegroom, who is in the Engineers, has received orders for Malta, so that the honeymoon will probably be brief, or rather spent in the Mediterranean, a grateful change from London climate at this season.

On Friday last a very charming studio tea was given by Mr. Delasco to a few friends who were invited to meet Miss Lizzie McNichol of the Grau Opera Company. Mr. Delasco has this season removed his studio to the large south-west room of the Confederation Life's top floor, and the windows overlook a magnificent view of Toronto. On Friday a pleasant *coterie* took tea and heard some good music in this pretty studio, where the hospitalities are always generous and the welcome assured. I hear a rumor that a larger affair is to be shortly on the *tapis*, and that it may take the form of a *soiree dansante*.

I could not help remarking, upon several evenings when I had the pleasure of being present in the Grand during the *musical* which is part of the play this week, what an object lesson to society was the conduct of the company during the rendering of the numbers. We have not often an artist so compelling as Van Biene to play in Toronto homes, but if we had, you and I know that there are men and women capable of conversing on their own private affairs, tuned to the key of G, through even such an artistic effort. The Van Biene Company, even the delightfully unconventional Mrs. Dick Spinnaker, were mutely attentive and appreciative, so different from what one sees in that society which saw fit to snub Mrs. Spinnaker. This object lesson was probably not studied by the very people who need it most, more's the pity!

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason of Erneleigh gave a very elegant dinner party on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald of Cona Lodge gave a dinner party on Thursday evening.

A very pleasant young people's dinner was given on Wednesday by a leading young member of Toronto society.

The Misses Pollard are at home next Monday afternoon from five to seven o'clock at their residence on the corner of Jarvis and Shuter streets.

Mrs. T. Gibbs Blackstock gave a large afternoon tea on Thursday at her home in Prince Arthur avenue, which was attended by the usual smart crowd of society women. The simple and cordial manner of the hostess, who is the personification of kind hospitality, makes all her guests welcome to such pleasant functions.

The dance at Stanley Barracks last night was the most important of the week's evening festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. Morang, with Mrs. and the Misses Heaven, are now settled in Atherly, and after the holidays will be at home on Mondays.

Two large teas are on the *tapis* for this afternoon. Mrs. Cathra of Yealand Hall will receive a large party of ladies and gentlemen,

and Mrs. Fitzgerald of 46 Bloor street west gives an afternoon reception, the first large affair by this hostess since her settlement in Toronto, though her hospitality is cordial and constant to the many friends she and her handsome daughters have made since their arrival last season.

I have received several hints to speak a word for the charities in regard to Christmas donations. A kindly woman asked me on Wednesday to mention the Girls' Industrial School at Scarborough as deserving good Christmas cheer. It will indeed be a new story if every charity in Toronto does not feel the good-will of the many generous and charitable people who are neither clamoring for sanctity nor impeding the progress of the city, but practicing the broader principles which touch the welfare of humanity.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyld of Dunedin entertained a party of friends at dinner last week.

Miss Brouse gave a charming tea to her young friends on Thursday of last week.

The pretty function of last Tuesday week was a success financially as well as every other way. By the by, a pair of eyeglasses which were found by one of the committee after the *poudre* are at the Ladies' Work Depository awaiting an owner, and a guest is minus a valued opera-glass left on the stage that evening. The latter should be returned to the Ladies' Depository in King street east by whoever took charge of them, as at this season opera-glasses are in demand.

The At Home given by the Dental College faculty and students last evening was a distinctly interesting affair, of which an account will be given next week.

The Literary Society and Old Boys' Club of Harbord street Institute promise great enjoyment to all at their At Home next Tuesday evening.

The graduates and undergraduates of the P. C. Institute, Jameson avenue, Parkdale, held a very fine fifth annual reunion at the Institute last evening.

Mrs. Cassells' dance in St. George's Hall is the social event of next week.

The Athletic Club dance on January 8 is an event looked forward to by many.

The Opal Club gives a dance on Christmas night in the Pythian Hall.

Miss Secord of Regina, a charming young debutante, is spending the winter with Mrs. Cotton of Spadina avenue.

"Fancy-work parties" are the proper things just now, and the progress of the Christmas gifts is being accelerated. These parties are voted much more interesting and useful than the usual afternoon card parties, and the tea and toast and other delicacies are eaten with great relish and hard stitching. The young matron and the busy girl lose no time, and enjoy the new departure.

The matinee luncheon is now *de rigueur*. One receives a note for luncheon at one o'clock and at a down-town restaurant, with "Matinee" printed in the corner of the card.

An exhibition of china painting at London which has just closed, has been crowned with great success. The sales amounted to over two hundred dollars.

Miss Howson gave a charming exhibit of her china paintings on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. A. F. Webster reports the following Torontonians to sail for Europe this morning: Mr. John Martin, Mr. Robert Bright, Mr. John Northway and Mr. William Ward on Cunard flyer Lucania. Miss Knapp sails from New York on Atlantic Transport Line Mohawk this afternoon.

A Guelph correspondent writes: A pleasant and very attractive wedding took place on Friday morning at the residence of Mr. J. F. Kilgour of Montague street, Guelph, when his elder daughter, Edith, was married to Mr. Walter E. Buckingham. Only the most intimate friends were invited, but among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bond, Dr. and Mrs. Lett, Mr. and Mrs. Finley, Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar (the bride of the hour), Mr. and Mrs. Nelles, Mr. P. Canfield, Mr. and Mrs. Judge Chadwick, and Miss N. Dolan of Kingston, a friend of the bride. The happy young couple left, amid showers of rice, for Baltimore, where they will remain for a few weeks. Miss N. Saunders has returned from New York, where she has been visiting for the past few weeks.

Mr. George M. Morang of this city has been appointed Honorary Consul of Guatemala for Ontario.

The Normal kindergarten babies give their closing next Tuesday at half-past ten. They have sent out their little invitations and the refusals won't burden the postman.

Mrs. and Miss Mason of Harr Hall, 16 Empress crescent, will be at home now on the first and third Thursdays, instead of every Thursday.

Mrs. R. Beag has removed from Yorkville avenue to 573 Huron street. She will receive at her new residence on the first and third Fridays in the month as heretofore.

On dit (which, as Dudley Mortimer explains) is French for that there is a possibility of a volume of Reminiscences being given to us by the *beau chevalier par excellence* of old social circles in Toronto—reminiscences, not of society particularly, but of events pertaining to the whole political, commercial and every other development of our grand province since the early thirties as well. If our respected and beloved chronicler should decide to devote time and thought to such a gift, not only Toronto, who holds him in admiration, but the whole country will be his debtor, even to bankruptcy. There is no one so clear-sighted, broad-minded and possessing the experience and memories of the Grand Old Man whose store of recollections may be some day presented to a circle who can-

not sufficiently voice their appreciation of such a treasure.

A subscription dance, similar to those held at Sherry's in New York, but mainly for the younger element of Toronto society, is being arranged for January 6, under the patronage of the following ladies: Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mrs. P. H. Drayton, Mrs. T. C. Elwood, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. James Todhunter, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. W. Christie, Mrs. T. J. Clark, Mrs. J. H. Smith, Mrs. J. J. Palmer, Mrs. Jack Murray, and Mrs. R. B. Hamilton. The committee are: Mr. F. W. Logan, Dr. E. B. Boyes, Mr. Cleveland Hall, Mr. C. O. de Lisle and Mr. Donald Bremner. Mr. Charles C. Hall is honorary secretary.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick will receive in Christmas and New Year's week as usual. On last Wednesday quite a large number of callers attended the usual pleasant reception between five and half-past six, it being later than usual when the last caller said good-bye. Major Septimus Denison, a most genial good fellow, was renewing old acquaintances on all sides. Merry congratulations on the acquisition of a charming new member of the family followed the mention of Captain George R. Kirkpatrick's marriage, which took place on Wednesday. Among the callers were: Mrs. and Miss Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Moss, Miss Moss, Miss Seymour, Mrs. George Macbeth, Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. Frederick Wyld, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Buchanan, Mrs. and Miss Matthews, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Mr. Hendrie, Miss Patteson, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Miss Boulton, the Misses McCutcheon, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. and Miss Taylor, and Mrs. Tait of Montreal.

Rosedale will during the coming Christmas season miss two of its fair daughters. Miss Ethel Livingstone has gone to spend a few months with her friends on Staten Island, and Miss May Hamilton is now in New York, returning the visit of her aunt and cousin, Mrs. and Miss Wheelock, who spent last summer in Rosedale and Muskoka.

Professor and Mrs. Clark gave a dinner party on Wednesday evening in honor of the Dean of Trinity College and his charming wife. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. William Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, the Dean and Mrs. Rigby, Mrs. Charles Ritchie, Mr. Barclay Craig and Dr. Daniel Clark.

It is seldom that a college recital proves as interesting and attractive as that given by Miss M. E. Mathews, teacher of elocution and physical culture at the Toronto College of Music, on Tuesday of last week. The main feature of the programme was a talk on the benefits and necessity of physical culture. Miss Mathews is herself an exceptionally able exponent of her art, and won many converts. The recitations, widely different in character and style, showed to advantage Miss Mathews' great versatility and dramatic power. The pantomiming of Millard's When the Flowing Tide Comes In, sung by Mr. Carahan, was a charming illustration of what the body is capable of after it has been under proper training.

Mrs. Cotton gave a tea at her home in Spadina avenue on Friday of last week in honor of her guest, Miss McCaughey of Ingersoll, who has been spending the past month with her. Mrs. Cotton received in a Parisian gown of pale blue silk. The house was most tastefully decorated with smilax and carnations. Delightful music issued from behind a bower of palms in the hall. The tea-room was much admired for its artistic decorations, and a number of charming young ladies were in attendance.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club has secured the services of Mr. David Bispham, baritone, and Mr. Charles Gregorovitch, the eminent Russian violinist, as soloists for their fourth annual concert in Massey Music Hall on Thursday evening, February 11. Mr. Bispham's appearance on December 13 at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, with the famous Orpheus Glee Club (which, like the Male Chorus Club, is unaccompanied) was an unbounded triumph; he sang three cavalier songs by Villiers Stanford, and will repeat them here with the Male Chorus Club. A Philadelphia paper speaks of these songs as follows: "The cavalier songs, to which the Orpheus Club sang choruses, were given with fine spirit, his King Charles, and Root Saddle to Horse and Away, ringing out with a volume of tone that filled the Academy." Charles Gregorovitch's appearance here will be looked forward to with great interest, as he is said to be one of the foremost virtuosos of the day. His recent appearance in New York at Carnegie Hall was an overwhelming success. The chorus will number ninety voices this year and they may be expected to give a good account of themselves.

Professor Clark lectured in Chatham last Friday on Kingsley's Water Babies and delighted a large audience. He was entertained by Mr. D. S. Paterson during his stay.

It has been reported that Mr. McKenzie, son of Mr. William McKenzie, who has been in Winnipeg for some time, has been appointed manager of the Winnipeg electric railway, but the rumor is not substantiated.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duff Scott are at present en pension at 167 Bloor street east.

A most successful Monday tea was given by Mrs. Russell Snow at her residence, 280 Sherbourne street. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. R. A. Pyne, Mrs. Widmer Hawke, Mrs. Walter Lee, Mrs. J. F. Michie, Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Mrs. (Justice) and Miss Harrison, Mrs. and Miss Ray, Mrs. George Ritchie, Mrs. Bendelari, Mrs. Elwood, Miss Dalton, Miss Hinsworth, Mrs. J. Stanton King, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. Jack Murray, Mrs. Northcote, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. B. H. Aikins, Miss Nellie Macdonald, Mrs. J. G. Scott, Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. J. C. Hamilton, Mrs. Nevitt, Mrs. Jack Beatty, Mrs. Henry Alley, Mrs. Leslie Sweetnam, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. W. Moore and Miss Lizzie Belford of Ottawa, Mrs. (Judge) and Miss Macdonough, Mrs. Darling and others. Mrs. Snow is a very charming and attractive hostess and her tea was one of the most

successful of the season. There were at least two hundred ladies present.

The French Way.

They do things differently in France. In Canada and the United States editors apologize at a moment's notice for any item that is objected to—at least, too many of them do. Some newspapers seem to enjoy groveling at the feet of people who ask apologies, and the abysses of our language are ransacked for words fittingly abject to satisfy the man who has "called in a lawyer." A writer in the *Cornhill* says: I remember calling at the office of a great Parisian newspaper with a friend who wished to have rectified a statement published in it concerning him. When our business was made known we were ushered into a handsomely furnished room on the first floor. Seated at desks, without a trace of pens, ink, or paper, or of anything in a literary way except some new novels, together with a few packages of cigarettes, were two gentlemen, whose appearance made a considerable impression on me. They were faultlessly dressed in deep black (the duelist's color). Each had the ribbon of the Legion in his buttonhole, their long jet-black moustaches were waxed out to a point as fine as a needle's, and there was in their whole manner, their voice, their gestures, and the expression of their eyes and mouths, an indescribable something that proclaimed the man who at one time or another has worn a uniform. These were the fighting editors, with whom evidently the pen was not mightier than the sword. They were civil, however, and consented to the rectification of the paragraph. As fighting was their trade, they looked at it in a purely business way, and only went out when the demands made were too unreasonable to be entertained. I fancy that they sometimes fought in defence of articles they had never even seen.

The Boy in the Gallery.

The third act of Rhea's play, Josephine, Empress of the French, closes with a climax based upon the sex of a new-born heir to Napoleon. If the expected arrival be a girl, Josephine will have reason to hope for a restoration of Napoleon's favor; if it be a boy, it means the end of Josephine's hopes. The audience is told by the dialogue that when the event occurs, it will be heralded by the booming of cannon—one shot if the heir be a girl, and twenty-one if it be a boy. Suddenly, in the midst of the conversation, the activity of the play is interrupted by a cannon-shot. After a moment of anxious silence, Josephine exclaims, "It is a girl! Thank God!"

Then follows a second shot, as the cannon continues with the royal salute of twenty-one guns. At the second report, Josephine's attendants, in consternation, exclaim, "A boy!" At the third shot on the opening night, when the play was produced in Lancaster, Pa., a small boy in the gallery brought down the house by crying out: "Triplets, by thunder!"

The Ghost Ran.

Some time ago, when Dr. Creighton, the new Bishop of London, was making a visitation of his diocese (Peterborough), he was entertained in an old manor-house and slept in a room supposed to be haunted. Next morning at breakfast the Bishop was asked whether he had seen the ghost.

"Yes," he replied with great solemnity, "but I have laid the spirit; it will never trouble you again."

On being interrogated as to what he had done, the Bishop said: "The ghost instantly vanished when I asked for a subscription toward the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral."

Two Workmen.

Wide-Awake.

Two men once stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last.

One used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune.

The other man, what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of the year in the difficult task of teaching a little dog to stand on its hind feet and dance a jig. To be sure he succeeded, but what then? At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, blaming his luck for the hard fate that kept him poor, while his fellow-workman had become rich.

Visitor—Why are those two patients quarreling so? Asylum Keeper (indifferently)—Oh! each thinks the wheels in his head are the best make.

Patient—If you don't get me well, doctor, you are not likely to be paid. Doctor—How's that? "I haven't enough money to pay both you and the undertaker."

Drummer—Who was that man whom I overheard denouncing the new town hall as a death-trap? Village Merchant—That was the architect who didn't plan it.

"John, Charles, William," cried the boys' mother, "where are those green apples I left here?" "In our midst," returned the boys, and when the doctor called that night the mother knew that her little darlings had spoken truthfully as well as with a grammatical accuracy that is not universal.

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Social and Personal.

The Lornes' dance in Confederation Hall building on Tuesday evening taxed even the capacity of that large ball-room. Young people are always in their glory at this dance; fresh and fair are the girls; smart and apparently tireless the boys, and the chaperones are indulgent in the matter of staying late. The older men keep away from the Lornes' dance, where there is scarcely a feminine charmer who would spare them a moment. A brilliant exception was the gallant major of the 48th, who dropped in after a meeting to escort Mrs. Cosby home, and who was welcomed by everyone with pleasure. Most of the patronesses were present. Mrs. Kirkpatrick did not attend, but Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Eby, Mrs. Hood, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. George Gooderham and Mrs. George McMurich were interested spectators and sometimes participants in the dance. The opening quadrille was danced by Mr. H. D. Eby and Mrs. George Gooderham, Mr. J. H. Watson and Mrs. J. F. Eby, Mr. F. P. Rogers and Mrs. George McMurich, Mr. P. G. Winans and Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. W. P. Eby and Mrs. F. J. Phillips, Mr. Lorne Cosby and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. W. J. Morrison and Mrs. F. C. Hood, Mr. J. D. McMurich and Mrs. Cosby. The corridors and a pretty parlor were arranged for sitting-out places, the parlor being glorified by an immense standard lamp in a smart yellow shade, on which hung the sign, "No smoking." Supper was served at eleven o'clock. The music was very fine and nicely screened from the dancers by handsome palms. The various rendezvous were distinguished by terms familiar to football players, such as "put," "try," and so on. The crowd was almost beyond the capacity of the room, spacious as it is, and I heard a matron remark that she "thought she knew what a scrimmage was" after she had essayed a two-step. A few of the guests and costumes which were particularly noticeable are as follows, the scores of pretty creatures in white frocks being understood as taken for granted: Mrs. Cosby, black silk and lace, diamonds; Mrs. Smart, heliotrope satin, with cream applique; Mrs. Phillips, black and pink striped silk, point lace; Mrs. George Gooderham, gray corded silk, point lace panel; Mrs. Victor Armstrong, white lace and chiffon; Mrs. Harry Wright, white brocade; Mrs. James Carruthers, pale blue and white striped silk; Mrs. Kenneth Stewart, lavender silk and violets; Mrs. Harry Paterson, white brocade edged with fur; Mrs. Hills, black silk with lavender trimmings; Mrs. Chadwick, black silk and lace; Mrs. Harry Beatty, rose and gray shot silk; Mrs. O. B. Sheppard, black silk and tulle; Mrs. Gillespie, white silk and lavender trimming; Mrs. Le Grande Reed, pink figured organdie over silk; Mrs. A. R. Pyne, white brocade; Mrs. Willie Galbraith, black silk; Mrs. Orr, moonlight green and silver-gray brocade; Miss Jean Smith, old rose brocade, diamonds; Miss Mallory of Tennessee, white with yellow trimming; Miss Michie, pale green silk and chiffon; Miss Annie Michie, white silk with cherry velvet; the Misses Smart, rich pale green satin with trimmings of dark green velvet; Miss Dottie Lamont, turquoise blue silk and chiffon; Miss Ellie Phillips, white satin; Miss Lily Phillips, blue and white striped silk; Miss Reed of Rosedale, white silk and chiffon; Miss Maggie Worden, maroon and pale blue silk; Miss Edith Dixon, light green silk; Miss McCartney, shell pink corded silk; Miss Ellis, figured organdie and white lace; Miss Ince, pale green silk and chiffon; Miss Daisy Ince, white silk and lace; Miss Mary Elwood, pink silk; Miss Grace Cowan, white silk; Miss Amy Gimson, black silk and chiffon, and Miss Ethel Palin, black silk and mouseline de soie.

Mrs. George Macdonald leaves for New York on Monday and will be much missed by a large circle of friends.

Mr. George Tate Blackstock sailed for England this week. Many friends will be glad to hear that Mrs. Blackstock is developing her musical talent in an extraordinary degree; she is still at Boothden, near Newport, and spends seven hours a day at her piano under a teacher who has had great success in training some of America's finest pianists.

Mrs. Tait is up from Montreal on a visit to her mother, Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, whose convalescence will be much brightened by such charming company.

Among the very many pretty things now on sale at Bain's Art Gallery, 53 King street east, may be found a number of dainty sketches of Canadian scenery by G. R. Bruneach, A.R.C.A., any one of which would make a very handsome Christmas gift. A visit to the art gallery just now will well repay one.

Miss Amy Standish of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Dan A. Rose at the Rossin House.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Standish of 106 St. Vincent street have returned to the city, and will be at home to their friends first and second Friday of each month.

Clover Hill was the scene of one of the smartest social gatherings of this season last Saturday, when Mrs. Kerr Osborne received. Accessible and hospitable as her beautiful home has always been, it is no wonder that the people who came late found it difficult to make their way through the crowd to where the fair hostess, with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Killmaster, waited to greet the coming and speed the parting guest. The day was so fine that December seemed to have strayed into April, and the wide ball-door of Clover Hill stood open the whole time of the reception. Mrs. Osborne wore a quiet gown of black, with touches of turquoise, and Mrs. Killmaster wore black and white striped silk. At the close of the affair, when most hostesses show signs of the fatigue consequent upon several hundred handshakings, Mrs. Osborne (with her little daughter clinging to her skirts, a bit shy of her tardy debut), looked as if for her the afternoon was just beginning. In the music-room a very interesting programme, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wark, was being carried out. There Miss Agnes Dunlop astonished musical people with a phenomenal contralto, scarcely to be credited to the petite girl in her simple white muslin frock. Mr. Harold Jarvis has



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of the firm „Andreas Saxlehner“ on the label.the music-room and dining-room, where a lovely buffet was set, and found, as usual, many a cosy corner for a *te-te-tete*.

The Country and Hunt Club met in the Queen's Park last Saturday, and a very brave and bonny tableau they made grouped before the noble pile of the Parliament buildings. There were some dozen ladies on horseback, among whom were Miss Cawthra, Miss Beardmore, Miss Mabel Lee, Miss Robertson, Miss Maude Hendrie, Miss James, Mrs. Grasset and others. Some of the members dropped into line on the way north, and quite a number of people admired the start as the cavalcade jogged along the south drive and away to Avenue road. The kodak fiend was there with his little gun loaded, and a photographer with his head under a black rag also took a shot at the meet. This perfect afternoon was probably the last of its kind we have a right to expect this season, though it is hard to foretell the freaks of the weather just now. Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mrs. FitzGibbon drove to the rendezvous, and the Chudleigh carriage was also *en evidence*. During the run several amusing *contretemps* took place, and several of the ladies were out of the saddle, fortunately without any serious mishaps. Miss Hendrie wore a gold-colored beaver top-hat, which was very *chic*, and a dozen of the men were in pink.

Many people this month welcomed Mrs. and Miss Turner, who are with Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski at the Hall and saw Van Biene on first night at the Grand, when Sir Casimir, Miss Helen Gzowski, Mr. Gzowski and the daughter and granddaughter aforesaid, were occupants of the prompt box. After the play Sir Casimir, Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick and one or two others congratulated Monsieur Van Biene on his success and expressed themselves highly pleased with his performance, both as actor and musician. The talented Hollander made the best stage speech in response to the demands of his enthused audience which has ever been delivered in my memory of the Grand. The Government House party, with Mrs. Melfort Boulton and Mr. Harry Greene, occupied their usual *loge*. Messrs. Nordheimer, Miss Nordheimer and Fraulein Heinrich, which last mentioned lady is a sparklingly pretty daughter of the Vaterland now visiting at Glenedyth, were in the east stage box on first night.

The first of the Chamber Music concerts last week, with the Yunc Quartette and Madame Walther on the programme, attracted a stylish and musical crowd to the McGill street hall. The quartette were as usual, and the debut of Madame Walther was interesting to the audience, who gave her generous recognition. The manner of this new-comer is an object lesson to many concert singers, Madame Walther's stage presence being perfect. The management of the Guild Hall need to look after the ventilation of the place with more intelligence; the air on Thursday in the galleries was little short of poisonous. Many gas jets, many people and every aperture tightly closed can result in but one way. *Verbum sap!*

Mrs. MacMahon's tea on Thursday of last week was one of the large affairs which constitute a regular rendezvous for society people, and the well known hospitality of the lady who welcomed such numbers of people on that day attracted most of the smart folks to the region near the lake front, where Thursday is usually reception day. It was a murky afternoon, the very one to help people to appreciate the warmth and glow of a bright home and the cheery atmosphere of a jolly big tea. Mrs. MacMahon wore a smart gown, one among the many handsome costumes which graced this tea. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon have done their part in entertaining for the last few weeks, luncheons, dinners and the afternoon reception of Saturday having followed each other in quick succession.

Miss Gertrude Trotter, A.T.C.M., gave a recital under the auspices of the Riverside Y.M.C.A. on Thursday evening. There was a

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three o'clock. A class of twenty young girls
will be given practical instruction by Mrs. Joy,
teacher of domestic science in the Toronto
Technical School.Major and Mrs. Waterbury are at the Arling-
ton for the winter. Torontonians who met
these pleasant people at the Niagara camp in
'95 will be glad to renew acquaintance with
them in Toronto. Major Waterbury retired
from the United States Regulars on his ma-
jority, after a long and varied term of service,

A TWO-PART STORY.

VERNOR THE TRAITOR.

BY S. R. CROCKETT

Author of "The Men of the Moss-Hags," "The Stickit Minister," &c.
Being the Memoirs of Patrick Vernor of Irongray, written by himself, and now published by his brother for the warning of others alike traitorous and malignant, and for the encouragement of them that do well.

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And with that I waved my hand to Isobel Weir, the lass I would have loved better than any other man, if so be she would have let me. For I saw that she would not even shake me by the hand for old sake's sake. And I desired to save her the pain of refusing.

Now let all men judge if my heart was not full to the brim of dule and waefulness that day as I went down the bonny knowes of the Cluden side. For, saving the brothers whom I had left behind, I had not a friend in the world. And when the heart is sore for a lass and her fleckleness, it is not the love of brothers that brings much solid comfort. I thought chiefly indeed that another would kiss the lovely mouth I had longed to kiss, and I felt for my knife to kill him for it.

By the Red Yetts I heard a pitter-patter on the grass, and there, running behind me, was my dog Royal, racing from side to side of the way and smelling at rabbit holes as if I had been going a little dauner to see the lasses in the gloaming. I bade him go home, but he did nothing but sit and look at me, considering, as it were, with his wise head to the side. Nor would he budge an inch when I spoke angrily, but only lay and cowered his head between his paws so meekly that I could not beat him for very pity.

So, though I feared that they would not abide him at the quarters of the dragons in Dum-



"Patrick!" he cried, and let his knife drop.

fries, I had perforce to let him follow on. And indeed he abode with me ever after, and is even now with the regiment.

When I came to Claverhouse's lodging I went boldly up to the sentinel and demanded of him to see Col. Graham.

"Ho, Bluebonnet," cried he, "it is not often that a Whig comes speering for that name. What might you want of him, my brave Whig-gie?"

"An' you had not that long piece in your hand with the pudding-pricker at the end, I would e'en show you to whom you speak," said I, shutting my fists: "but an' you want to know, I come to enlist in His Majesty's dragons."

When the soldier heard that his mood changed, and, very good-naturedly, he told me where I should find Cornet Graham, who had charge of the recruiting. To him I went, and we agreed so well that in an hour I was being measured for my accoutrement by the regimental tailor.

Then, when for the first time Trooper Patrick Vernor, eldest son to John Vernor of Irongray, rode out, judge ye what a cry there was in all the country side. Some there were who said that I did but play the old game of "Heads, I win; tails, my father does." For (said they) if the King keeps his own, Irongray is safe in the hands of that good soldier of His Majesty and of Claverhouse's, Private Patrick Vernor; but if the wild Whigs triumph in their Whiggery—why, here is the patriot and sufferer, John Vernor, restored to full possession, and, in addition, all his fines and king's dues are remitted.

But among the folk of the hillside and the field meeting I was outcast and thrice accursed. For soon after my enlisting there ensued the wildest times that we had ever had in Galloway—sudden marches during the night, moorland houses searched, half a dozen poor, ignorant praying lads turned out, some to get their quietus at the dyke-back with a charge of powder and a musket bullet, the rest to go stringing away to Edinburgh on the backs of sorry nags, their feet tied under the bellies of their horses. It was weary work; and in my own country side I liked it ill enough. But I was not the man to go back; and, indeed, what, when all was said and done, had I to go back to?

Then in awhile there came better of it. For the folk of the Covenant began to gather into disciplined companies and make a stand. And then, what riding and chasing there was between garrison and garrison—Col. Douglas at Morton borrowing troopers from Capt. Bruce of Earlsburg, at Crichton Peel, and both being drawn upon by John Graham of Claverhouse, who kept at Dumfries the head bees' byke, from which we swarmed out in all directions to win honey from the Whiggish pastures of Galloway.

So we went on, riding and killing till it happened that we lay, one day, a hot Sabbath, by a hillside, and we had marched all night to take the Conventiclers in the midst of their preaching. It was about the noontide, and we were lying idly in the grass, with our horses cropping the coarse, lush covvets of the little forest glades. We could easily hear the sound of the preacher's voice from where we lay, and by crawling to the edge of the coppice we could see him—a tall, thin lad, with a fresh and beautiful countenance.

"I declare," said Sergt. Driscoll, below his breath, "if I had not seen Psalm Singing Pat there lying on his belly and sucking of a straw, I had thought that he had given us the slip and gone back to his old business. That preacher loon is the very moral of him."

But it was too hot there in the wood to bandy words with a cross-eyed thief of the King's pet Irishry. So I let Driscoll talk on. I heeded not at all what he said concerning the preacher. I had seen too many of the breed, and, barring Ritchie Cameron, who had the heart of half a dozen brave men all inside of his one body, I had small enough liking for them, or indeed they for me. Truth to tell, they had spurgawed me over sorely with their catechisms and testimonies when I was young. And since Isobel Weir had given me the go-by, I had looked (God forgive me) at more than one along the shining barrel of a King's musket. For which, as I say, may the Lord pardon me. For I but carried out the orders of my commander, and, like a soldier, took no account of the rights or wrongs of the matter.

So presently it was time for us to drive among them. The men awoke and stretched themselves. Then they leaped up from their beds of heather, looked to their equipment, and secured each his own charger. The colonel divided us into two parties, and we rode out of the wood at opposite ends, to take the Conventiclers in flank and rear.

Here and there we could see a sentinel standing leaning on his gun or moodily pacing to and fro. But, one and all, they were paying more attention to the preacher than to walking about Zion and telling the enemies thereof. At all events, we were well out of the wood before any alarm was given. But when they saw us come, then indeed there was a buzz and a stir among them like bees swarming.

Certain of the stronger and more determined men drew themselves together into some sort of disciplined order about the preacher. But the most part of them ran every way, making especially for a large wild moss with many quagms and green slimy morasses, over which they supposed our heavy horses could not go.

It so chanced that my own squadron, with Col. Douglas at its head, was the first to reach the little band of the fanatical that stood at bay about the preacher. As we came, a tall, gray-headed man among them, whom for the press I could not see clearly, gave the word of command, and they fired irregularly when we were about thirty yards from them. I saw the smoke spring white as it had been under the very nose of my horse. At my elbow Jock Cannon, for ordinary my rear rank man, grunted, fell forward on his horse's neck, and his sword dropped from his hand. Looking about me, I could see several saddles emptied, but whether with bullets that wounded or that killed, I knew not. So there ran the word along the line of our charge that no prisoners were to be taken except the preacher, on whose head there was a price. And in a moment we were among them and I was striking down the sword-blade of the man who opposed me—a stout countryman who had a cloak wrapped about his left arm for a guard. But there was no seeing much, for the place where we fought was in a hollow, and what with the lack of wind and the much firing, all was turmoil and a confused smother of the blue reek of powder.

Now, mine enemy was a stout lad enough, but with his heavy blade and small experience, he could not hope to keep up with an exercised soldier of His Majesty. So I had presently his sword out of his hand, and was just about to cleave him to the brisket, when my gentleman, instead of crying "Quarter!" as many of them did, leaped at me with a broad-bladed dagger



She kept one arm about my brother's neck.

knife before I had time to shorten grips on my sword.

And then, when his face was near enough mine to see clearly through the smoke, and his knife within six inches of my buff coat, I saw who he was—mine own brother Duncan. And at the same moment he knew me.

"Patrick!" he cried, and let his knife drop. "Lord love you—Duncan," I said, stopping my horse. "Get out of this as fast as you may. Are there any more of the Irongray folk among them?"

"We are all here together," he said, "all except Martin."

The tide of battle had somewhat passed us, sweeping on over the muir, so I bade him slip away as quietly as he might; for by this time our line had broken, as was usual, into a great number of separate combats. So it was with little difficulty that I let Duncan escape through my fingers, pretending a misunderstanding with my horse, and pursuing after him vainly with a loud outcry.

When I returned, I found that the skirmish

was over, and all the fanatical either dead or captured.

I looked carefully at the former, one after another. There were none of them that I knew, till I turned a tall man lying face down in the moss, who had been slain at the first fire. It was the dead body of my father, John Vernor of Irongray.

Then it was that the enormity of taking part against my name and folk was first fully brought home to me. For mostly I had loved the horsemanship part of this soldiering business—the clattering gaiety of the march, the mustering in haste, the cool night rides, the constant change of quarters, the thrilling tramp of battle, and the companionship of just such brisk, heedless lads as myself. But when I saw my father's dead body lying there, with the moss-water running down his beard and mixing itself with the blood from his deadly wound, the black side of my trade came over me. I felt like the murderer of my father and the traitor they called me at their Society meetings.



And so they took my brother out.

And of that I was very soon to be remembered. For we had taken the preacher lad.

"Sure, 'tis Pat Vernor's self we have caught at the conventicling," cried Driscoll, the Irishman; "we will even make him deliver himself to Satan for persecuting the saints, and then shoot himself for field-preaching."

And with that I went forward, and there, with his hands tied behind his back, stood the conventicle preacher, with a lass clasping him about the neck and the soldiers standing a little way off, waiting for the coming of the colonel.

Now, though a man is not a good judge of his own likeness, I could not but see that this man was the very moral of me—hair, eyes and features—aye, even the very way he had of standing with his head thrown back looking over the lass' shoulder with a kind of defiance.

Presently the maid raised her eyes, as it had been in a prayer to Heaven. For she knew well that it was little use making an appeal to the king's troopers on behalf of a field Conventicler.

Then I saw who they were that stood before me. The preacher was my brother, Robert Vernor, home from Holland, a full-fledged minister, and the maid whose arm was about his neck was Isobel Weir.

Presently my brother's eyes fell on me, and he started like one who sets his foot on a thorn.

"So, Judas," he cried, "you have slain your father and killed your brother. God shall judge thee, thou wicked man—thou bloody son. Sorrow shalt thou sup for all the evil thou hast wrought. Patrick Vernor, I deliver thee to the judgment of Almighty God for this your deed."

And as he spoke Isobel Weir turned her about and looked at me, as one would at a very demon of cruelty, so that my heart quailed and turned sick within me at the glance. And even then she kept one arm about my brother's neck, and so for a moment she stood gazing at me.

"Traitor!" she said, at last, with a certain slow, quiet bitterness, exceeding hard to bear: "a slayer of your father and heart-breaker of your mother—do not stay your hand till you have taken my blood and that of this poor lad. He is your youngest brother, and little more than a bairn. But that will make it the sweeter to you, and after that we are all under clod then you may rest happy at last and receive the reward of your brave soldier deeds in the slaying of women and children."

To this I answered no word, but with my heart cankered and drowned in the very gall of bitterness I stood and looked at the two.

Then came Col. Douglas, and, as was usual with him, his orders were swift and stern.

"How now!" he said, "what's this? Take away the lass—we cannot shoot women. Let her be going to her own folk—we cannot have such with the troops. And bring the preacher to the tolbooth of Dumfries. He can be shot in the morning. But for the sake of the five hundred marks on the head of him, we must give him a trial and get the due certificate for his death."

So they gave Isobel Weir leave to go, and, setting Robert into the midst of the company on a masterless horse, we rode into Dumfries. Douglas stayed behind to direct that the wounded of his troops should be well cared for in the neighboring farm towns, and to leave a visiting guard to see that they were kindly treated by the country people, who had indeed small reason to love us.

And as we rode on behind my brother, I had time to bethink me. The words of Isobel Weir pressed hard upon me—harder, as I think, than even the sight of John Vernor, whom I had seen lying dead on the moss. For I never greatly loved my father, and there is, so far as I have seen, no great instinct of affection in that relationship. For I find that as many sons hate their fathers as inordinately love them, while most are wholly indifferent as to the matter.

But whenever I rode within earshot of the preacher, he was crying blood and vengeance on my head, till the lads of the escort fell to laughing. "Come nearer, Pat," they called, when we were out of hearing of the commander; "he has just taken a new text and is expounding your iniquities under the head of 'filthy.'"

But God knows it was no such laughing

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matter to me. For all the months and years of recklessness and all the riding and killing came back salt and bitter on me. And my anger and estrangement at them of Irongray melted away. I minded only the early days and the still Sabbath morns of the old house—my mother sitting smiling at a spray of southernwood, and my father standing by her with his Bible under his arm, both of them waiting to take me by the hand and go our ways down the green loan, under the lilac bushes of the spring, to the kirk of Irongray.

"Ah, God!" I cried in my misery, "keep any other poor soul from so going against his folk. For me there is, I know, no forgiveness. But let none other in blind pride of heart drive devilward as I have done. It is true—true what the lad Robert says—my father's blood is on my head!"

So in this blank despair we came to the prison, and the commander directed the jailer to put Robert in the thieves' hole for safety, and not into the general room, wherein debtors, ordinary rascals and all the scourgings of south-country rascaldom were put.

It was late in the afternoon, and as soon as Col. Douglas had supped he went over to call upon his crony, Robert Grier of Lag, who abode mostly by the White Horse, at the foot of the Vennel; and having sent for the Provost of the town and also for a guard to bring the prisoner, they proceeded to try Robert Vernor. It was a simple form, for the lad had gotten some iron in his blood over in Holland, and denied nothing. He owned that he had been preaching the doctrine of resistance. He would have none of the Test. He owned not His Majesty King Charles. The Duke was the devil incarnate; in each of his first half dozen statements there was enough to hang a parish.

"It is well said," cried Douglas; "you are a



I pushed him to the door.

manful laddie, and come, I hear, of good blood. Thou shalt have the estate, Robin Grier," he said, turning to Lag. "It lies contiguous to your own properties and policies—for the old man, Vernor, is killed in the skirmish."

But at this I stepped forward and saluted.

"May it please your excellencies," said I, "I have ever been a faithful soldier of His Majesty's. I have now served with the colors four years with honor as a private of His Majesty's dragons. I am the eldest son of

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hanging him. And this was counted a great favor.

"To-morrow, at the rising of the sun," said Douglas.

And so they took my brother out.

"May it please you," said I to those of the court, "that I may be permitted free access to my brother during these his last hours? For there is much to arrange between him and Andro Gibson, my late father's lawyer."

"God wot, yes—an' it liketh you—go in and bide with him till he gets the garments for his martyrdom," said Douglas. "I had not known you were so fond of your kith and kin."

So he wrote me a pass. For the prison was held by a guard of the foot from Tarbat's country, ignorant landwardmen from the North, who had no knowledge of us of the dragons, and, indeed, no good-will to our colors.

So I went away and groomed my horse, but had no stomach for supper. Then I walked awhile on the banks of the river on the Galloway side of the bridge. And as I walked I tried to pray, but the words would not come. I thought of Isobel Weir and her curse of me. So an hour ago I came away hither to my quarters and am now set down to add a few words to this story of my worthless and wasted life. God knows there is nothing I can say or do to obtain forgiveness, for Isobel's curse lies justly upon me. My father and her lover will both be cold corpses in the morning.

I know there is the way of the Scripture—the preacher's way. And as I sit and think the old words come back—repentance—forgiveness—mercy: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor"—how run the words? But all these matter little to me now. They were not meant for a traitor and a parricide. Besides, what are words out of a book? I would give something to cover my father's face from my sight.

Yet there is a text something about shedding of blood—if only I could remember it. I heard a minister once preach upon it, and thought him wearisome. Would that I could remember it now.

I have it. Quite suddenly it has leaped clear to my mind, shining in letters of fire like that writing on the wall at the king's feast in the book of Daniel.

"Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." Surely it runs something like that.

"It has come to me. I see a possible chance. I will at least go and speak with my brother. I have the colonel's pass in my pocket."

It is all done now save one thing, and I may add a word or two to my paper ere the sun rise and they come knocking at my door. I passed the guard with my mandate. They were drinking and carousing—the jailer with them. My brother received me with cursings and hateful words—as, indeed, was his right. But I told him the thing that I had come to do. I bade him put on my clothes and uniform and give me his clothing in exchange. He could then pass freely with the order which was in my hand, for none would be at the shooting that knew me—for our dragons of Douglas's regiment were to march at midnight for Galloway.

"But mark," I said, "this is not for your own sake, Robert Vernor, nor yet because you are my brother. It is for the sake of the lass that put her arm about your neck—even for the sake of Isobel Weir. I pray you tell her this."

"It shall be done," said he, in the smooth way which I have ever hated and hate now, for his tone changed whenever he knew that there was a chance of safety.

"And you," he said, "what will you do?"

"I will abide the morning—and the opening of the doors," said I, as lightly as I could.

"And they will find you in preacher's clothes!" he said. "Ah, well, I suppose they have found you too good a tool to punish you very severely for helping a poor field-preacher and your own brother to escape."

"Likely enough," said I shortly.

And when he stood up in the regimental dress, and when I had done the sword and the spurs upon him and put the cloak about him, he looked none so ill a soldier, though not well set up about the shoulders.

I pushed him to the door and heard him tramp into the outer hall, where the Northern men sat singing and carousing with the jailer. "Never mind your d— pass—we've seen it before. Open the door, Jock!" cried the jailer, never looking up from the dice, and, as I well understood, with his greedy eyes fixed on the stake. Then I heard my brother's step die down the street towards the bridge-end and liberty.

So here I sit. Will they pardon me for this? For the sake of four years of service will John Graham overlook this connivance at rebellion? But what matter, after all—Isobel Weir's curse is on me. She would not take it off, even if I lived to be a hundred, and released to her a score of lovers.

But there is the text. There may be something in that. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." Therefore in the shedding of blood there is remission—that seems clear. God help me! I think I can do no better. The east is brightening. They will be coming for me—they are lads of Tarbat's regiment, who know me not. It is not a long death. I have seen many die. "Make you ready! Present! Fire!" Half a dozen bullets splash on the wall, but, thank God! the other six will be in my sinful heart.

"Without shedding of blood—"

"I can hear them coming. May God forgive me—and Isobel Weir! I must hide the paper."

(Postscript to the Memoirs of Vernor, the Traitor, written by Rev. Robert Vernor, his brother, after the glorious Revolution.)

This paper and declaration of my elder brother was found in a wall-press in the Thieves' Hole of Dunfries, when it was pulled down by the order of the magistrates at the time when a more commodious and suitable prison was being erected. It purports to have been written by the hand of Patrick Vernor, who of a certainty aided me to escape from the hands of my cruel enemies. He was my brother. I judge him not. He has been for many years in his own place. There are those who think well of him for the manner of his death, and,

indeed, I myself am grateful, and also my wife, Isobel, though she never names his name.

Yet what hope can any have of his salvation when it is well known that he died with a lie upon his lips—yes, even with blasphemy? For those who saw him put to death by the bullets of Tarbat's footmen, declare that when some of them taunted him that he was a dumb dog and died without a testimony, he cried out these words:

"Sons of dogs, ye lie! (that was the expression he used). 'I have a testimony. And it is this: 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins.' Tell Isobel Weir I died for her. God have mercy on my soul!"

So with no more said the officer gave the word. And thus was a wicked man cut off ere he had lived half his days; as sayeth the Scriptures: "But the horn of the righteous shall be exalted."

[THE END.]

QUEER CORNER

NOTICE.—The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT are requested to contribute information to this department. Items regarding events that have occurred in Canada will be especially welcomed, although facts, whether original or not, native or foreign, will be published if interesting. Queer occurrences are constantly happening, and we are anxious to place them on record. Any interesting item on any subject will be published. Any fact, article or piece of information sent in and not used will be returned by the editor and the reason of its rejection explained. Address letters to "Queer Corner," SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto.

SOME OLD SONGS.

Sing a Song of Sixpence is as old as the sixteenth century. Three Blind Mice is found in a music book dated 1609, The Frog and the Mouse was licensed in 1590, Three Children Sliding on the Ice dates from 1633, London Bridge is Broken Down is of unfathomable antiquity, Girls and Boys Come out to Play is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II., as is also Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket, to the tune of which the American song of Yankee Doodle was written; Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been? is of the age of Queen Bess, Little Jack Horner is older than the seventeenth century, and The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket is of the reign of James II., to whom it is supposed to allude. The earliest germ of the song Auld Lang Syne is found in an anonymous poem of the fifteenth century. Our dance music has as strange an origin and history.

A TRAINED MARE.

Marion Mills, a handsome blooded mare owned by G. W. Athearn of Oshkosh, Wis., paces against time and records without driver, rider or prompting of any kind, and yet follows every rule of the race track. There is no pacemaker, no guiding, no urging, no whipping and no interference with the mare in any way. She flies around the track at top speed, fighting her way along at top speed just as if a dangerous opponent were steaming along in her rear. The animal takes a flying start. She is led to a point about one hundred yards from the wire and is in perfect action when she receives the word "go" from the starter in the judge's stand. On getting the word the handsome beast quickens her stride, and around the track she goes as if she were running away. She keeps close to the inner rail, seemingly through instinct, though she never leaves the track, whether it be enclosed or not. Every mile is paced without a break and as evenly as though she were steered by a skilful driver. The novelty of the performance and the dash and beauty of the intelligent animal win admiration wherever she appears, and the finish is always attended with enthusiasm. A notable feature of this unique performance is that the last quarter is always the fastest, and no demonstration from the grand stand ever makes her lose her stride or even slow up. After passing the wire Marion seems to know that her task is completed, and her bright eyes search the track for the groom, who stands ready with cooling blankets a short distance up the stretch. When blanketed she is returned to the starter for recognition, and views the applauding grand stand crowds with an air of conscious pride and evident satisfaction at their appreciation. Manager Hill should bring this mare to the Toronto Exhibition next year.

A BARBERIC SPOT.

The people of Marquette, Mich., evidently do not like those quick-shaving barbers, as the council has just adopted an ordinance which provides that a barber must, before shaving each customer, wash his hands with common soap and water, his razors and scissors in a solution of bichloride of mercury or carbolic acid, clean his nails and disinfect the strap and comb in alcohol. Then, if the man with the bristles on his chin, alarmed at the numerous preparations, has not fled the country, the barber is at liberty to perform the shave.

A FIVEFOLD DREAM.

Dreams are not always to be trusted. Mr. Andrew Lang says that he knows of a fivefold dream which did not come true. "Five members of a family, three at home, two at a distance, all dreamed, on the same night, that their pug dog Zulu had gone mad. But Zulu never did go mad, living and dying a model of sanity."

WEDDING CAKE IN ABUNDANCE.

Mr. Edward Cadbury, son of Mr. George Cadbury of Bourneville, Eng., owners of the famous chocolate factory, was married lately. Each employee, of whom there are over 2,000, was presented with 4 lb. of rich bridecake, so that in all considerably over 8,000 lb. of cake had to be ordered. This is supposed to be the largest order of the kind ever given.

BLUE BUTTER.

In India, butter made from the thin milk of the native cow is blue, instead of yellow. "When I came across this azure substance," says a travel lady, "I vowed I would not touch it; but others did so, with evident enjoyment; and, curiosity getting the upper hand, I tried the butter, and, to my surprise, found it delicious. You who have been used to the golden fresh butter of England can hardly realize what it is to see bread apparently painted blue."

ARE ALL WHITE CATS DEAF?

A scientific gentleman has lately been experimenting with white cats. In a collection of twenty-three, carefully and separately tested, every single cat was found to be stone-deaf.

He finds that white dogs and white horses are deficient in hearing, many being entirely deaf; white rats and white mice give the same result. As regards white cats, Prof. Bell, the inventor of the telephone, and other experimenters have noted this peculiarity and coincide with him in the opinion that all white cats are deaf.

GUARDING THE TREASURE.

In order to rob the treasure vaults of the Bank of France, the burglar would have to work in a diving-suit and pull down a stone wall under water. Every night, when business for the day is over, the money is put into vaults in the cellar. Masons then wall up the door of the vaults with hydraulic mortar and the cellar is completely flooded. In the morning, when the officers arrive, the water is drained off, the wall torn down and the vaults opened. The treasures of the Bank of France are said to be better guarded than any others in the world.

QUEER POINTS.

At the Battle of Trafalgar the heaviest gun used threw a projectile weighing only thirty-two pounds, which was 6.41 inches in diameter; the modern 110-ton gun uses a shell weighing 2,000 pounds, of 164 inches in diameter.

The biggest annual pension that is paid in any part of the world is £19,000. The Duke of Richmond is the recipient of this vast annuity, which is perpetual, passing from son to son. The pension was granted three hundred years ago by Charles II.

Not Knowing What Else to Do.

To save ourselves trouble and suffering by learning from the experience of others—that is the wisdom of history. Otherwise every generation, and every man and woman therein, would have to begin back where their ancestors did. Every soul of us has to learn the alphabet for himself; but after that he can read and benefit by what others have written. Is that idea plain as peas in a split pod? Yes. Well, then, let us see whether it has anything to say to the facts set forth in the following letter:

"After my confinement," writes a woman, "in August of last year (1893), I could not get up my strength. My food did not seem to be of any use to me. In some way I was ill, but I could not give a name to the ailment. My tongue was swollen and thickly coated, and I was constantly spitting out the thick phlegm which gathered in my throat and mouth; no matter how little food I took—even a morsel—it gave me great pain at the chest and sides; and sometimes it would dart through to my back between the shoulders."

"Often I would be sick, and have and strain until I was quite sore. Then, again, a pain would take me in the stomach and cut through me like a knife. I had a dry, hacking cough which never left me, and I sweat terribly at night. The cough was so bad that I often had to hold my sides when I had spells of it."

"Nearly every bit of flesh went off my bones, and I got so weak I couldn't put my foot to the ground. People said I was in a consumption, and I had little hope of getting better. I was so nervous that the least noise would startle and upset me. Those who called said it was pitiable to see the condition I was in."

"I saw two doctors who gave me medicines, but I only got worse and worse. At the end of October (1893) I came by a small book telling about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and, not knowing what else to do, I sent to Mr. Baxter, the druggist, Brookhouse, and got a bottle. After I had taken it but a few days I was better. I could eat something, and it stayed on my stomach, and the pain was less severe. As I took dose after dose of the Syrup the improvement went on, all the bad feelings abated, and I gained strength. It wasn't long before the cough was quite gone, and I was well and strong as ever."

"After my recovery, a neighbor said to me, 'Mrs. Redhead, you have made my heart sad many a time when I saw you so bad.'"

"Thank you," I replied, "and I was glad enough myself, but Mother Seigel's Syrup has made me glad again, for it has given me back my good health."

"And in thankfulness for what I am very willing you should publish what I have told you. (Signed) Mrs. Mary Jane Redhead, 73 Peter street, Blackburn, April 4th, 1894."

We congratulate Mrs. Redhead, and tender our regards to the kind-hearted neighbor who was so sorry for her. But what a pity that Mrs. R. didn't know in August what she learned in October—namely, that her disease was indigestion and dyspepsia, and that Mother Seigel's Syrup is a cure for it; some folks say the cure cure. Well, we suppose she had to wait her turn to find that out. There's a deal of mystery about these things.

Anyway, she knows now, and the printing of her story will enable lots of other sufferers to begin where she left off. They won't take the Syrup as she did, not knowing what else to do, but they will take it the very day they fall ill, knowing that to be exactly the right thing to do.

He stood as if carved from stone. Those who knew the circumstances manifested no surprise. He had just been chiseled out of his rocks.—Indianapolis Journal.

Papa—I understand that the young man who is calling on Mabel is a little wild. Jack—Not at all! Every time I've been out with him, when it got to be three or four o'clock, he wanted to go home.

PROFESSIONAL.

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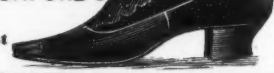
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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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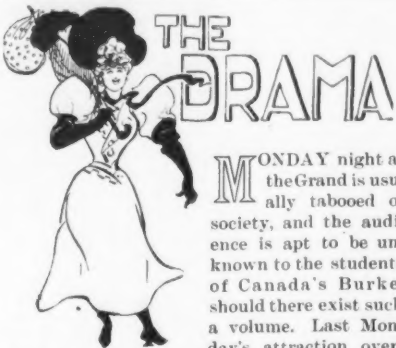
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THE GRAND

MONDAY night at the Grand is usually tabooed of society, and the audience is apt to be unknown to the students of Canada's Burke, should there exist such a volume. Last Monday's attraction over-ruled the traditional taboo, and boxes overflowed with women en grande toilette and men conventionally "dressed," while in the stalls bare shoulders brushed against unusual neighbors, who regarded them askance, and the *pot pourri* contained garble as well as rose-leaves. And for why? No one asks at this late hour, when all Toronto has seen and heard Van Biene. Sir Casimir Gzowski forgot his eighty-three years and grew enthusiastic over the Pole of the play, for the dear old knight never loses the patriotism which sent him a refugee to us over sixty years ago, when Poland's loss was so eminently Canada's gain. Van Biene is no Pole, however, but a charming, facile, powerful artist, with triple gifts of actor, composer and cellist, who hails from the country of the Vans, the land of dykes and Dutchmen. To hear him play, to see him, to watch his mobile face as he works up to a climax; to recognize the spirit of the man with strong and loving heart, the soul of the musician, with magical power over and in unison with that most human instrument, the "cello"—this is to pass an evening of the most complete and fascinating pleasure. One is glad to have seen Van Biene. He shows us a noble character, a full, broad look at life; courage and reverses, fidelity and constancy, modesty under success. The truest touch in the whole play is given at the moment when, stung by the disgrace he fancies he has suffered through his wife, weak from his wound, touched by the devotion of a loving woman, he almost yields his broken life to her in momentary despair and indifference. Many a man will agree with me in this remark. Monsieur Van Biene's support was worthy of the star. Miss Elly Desmond, as the Duchesse de Vervier, came upon a slightly dragging first act like an aromatic perfume. Her beauty and elegance gave a fillip to the interest of everyone, and her musical voice and graceful acting fulfilled all the requirements of her first appearance. Later on she showed that she could portray deeper emotions and subtler expression. She is truly a very clever actress, at home in a role which is often burlesqued by attempts to portray *la haute noblesse*. Miss Frances Brooke has the role of the composer's wife, who in the story of the Broken Melody is led to leave her husband through the representations of Madame la Duchesse, and on whose apparent desertion hinge both the plot and the title of the play. Miss Brooke is a pretty ingenue—to many the more attractive of the two women whose love for the maestro precipitates the *dénouement*. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, the maestro's old friend and his gossiping wife, are excellently portrayed by Mr. John Carter and Miss Kate Robertson. Dudley Mortimer, an irrepressible theatrical agent, who drops his "h's" and is a sleuth hound after attractions, was exceedingly well played by Mr. Arthur Leigh, while Beaujour, the Parisian impresario, had a French interpreter, Monsieur Edouard Jose, whose incidental piano solos were distinctly pleasing and whose acting left nothing to be desired. Mr. Nelson Ramsay as General Ivanoff did a rather strong scene with the Duchess, and was fine in his role on his numerous appearances. The Hon. Dick Spinnaker was capital made up, Mr. J. Zephaniah taking the part of the ninth son of an earl, as a flaxen-haired exquisite of diminutive proportions, and the husband of the irrepressible Mrs. Spinnaker, a *ci-devant* circus rider, who finds long skirts an evident nuisance, and is charmingly natural and effervescent. In fact Mrs. Spinnaker suggested to many memories of the lamented Rosina Vokes in her delightful abandon, and was one of the best people in the cast. The story of the play introduces Van Biene in several "cello" solos, which alone are worth going a long distance to hear, and those who miss The Broken Melody this week will have a right to the condolences of more fortunate people.

Excelsior at the Toronto Opera House this week is made up of a lot of nonsense—some of it funny to hear, some of it pretty to see some of it not interesting. The spectacular effects of its scenery and marching form its chief strength—and of the spectacular effects, Miss Ruth Ward as Excelsior and Miss Marion Beasley as William Tell deserve special mention. Aside from the scenery, the marching, the electrical tableaux and all, there are some turns possessing merit. Wally Helston does a very good turn in his top-boots dancing, and clever tumbling, and sings Wot Cheer in a good imitation of Chevalier. Conroy and McFarland, "the Celtic wits," create a suspicion that someone has lost his Celtic wits, while Miss

Nellie Sylvester sings of a girl who is "not too tough, but just enough." This innocent young thing, according to Miss Sylvester, takes pride in the knowledge that "she is a Canada girl." But as everybody in the company can dance in one style or another, and likewise nearly everybody can sing after some fashion, the show on the whole keeps pretty well on the swing until it closes with A Grand Electrical Transformation Tableau.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week the Glee and Mandolin Clubs of Victoria University gave concerts in the opera houses of Orillia and Barrie respectively. They were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Blight, who contributed to the programme in their inimitable style, while Signor Sarli, conductor of the Mandolin Club, evoked repeated applause by his skilful rendition of several mandolin solos. Mr. A. E. I. Jackson, an undergraduate of Victoria, sang several bass solos which were enthusiastically received and encored. The audiences, composed of the *dile* of these communities, expressed the highest delight and satisfaction with the quality and excellency of the programme. The above clubs anticipate giving a concert in the latter part of January, in the College chapel of Victoria, when the many friends of this University will have an opportunity of hearing their programme.

Mr. Charles Cowles, a character actor who has achieved considerable success in the United States, will present McKee Rankin's Yankee comedy-drama, The Country Merchant, at the Toronto Opera House on Monday night and during the week. The play, while unknown in this city, has nevertheless commanded genuine



Charles Cowles as Eben Baxter.

cordial favors in Boston and throughout the New England States. Mr. Cowles is said to have with him a company of exceptionally good performers, most of whom have been identified with The Old Homestead and Jed Prouty companies. During the engagement ten performances will be given, including the usual Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday "bargain matinees," and a special holiday matinee on Christmas Day.

In the death of Alexander Salvini the stage loses a gifted and high-strung actor, and there is no one in sight to quite take his place and give promise of the greatness that seemed inherent in him. Of late his ventures had met with rather poor success, for some reason, yet people believed in him and predicted great things for him.

The popular amateur dramatic combination, The Thespian Club, held their first meeting of the season on Monday, December 14, when the following officers were elected: President, Mr. George Deacon; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Newton Mactavish; business manager, Mr. Charles Sowdon; stage director, Mr. Martin Cleworth.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh and their London Royalty Theater Company will commence a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, December 21, presenting a new three-act comedy entitled The Chili Widow, by Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Mr. Alfred Sutro, a play which has been so highly eulogized by both the London and New York press, in which they will have an opportunity of displaying their rare artistic resources. The dialogue will be found bright and witty, the action rapid and full of striking situations. The Chili Widow has had a run of over three hundred consecutive nights at the London Royalty Theater, a playhouse that is frequented by the society of London. The crowded and fashionable audiences that have attended their performances during their recent engagement in New York, and the cordial reception accorded them by the press wherever they have played, would warrant a week of more than ordinary interest to the patrons of refined comedy in this city. The supporting company is an exceptionally strong



Mr. Arthur Bouchier.

one, and amongst its members it counts many of England's best comedy players. The Chili Widow will be presented Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Christmas matinee, and The Queen's Proctor, Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee, the bill for Saturday evening to be announced later.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan was in the city during the past week, on his way from a reading and lecturing tour in the East.

The Canadian Gazette says: "Mr. Frank Congdon, a young Canadian who has won for himself repute in Halifax musical circles, has come to London with a comic opera, Tristan, which he hopes to see introduced to the English public. The libretto has been written by another Halifaxian."

LOVE.

SPORTING COMMENT

At the Ontario Rugby Union meeting last Saturday several changes were made in the rules, the most important being the withdrawal of the restriction college teams were under to play *bona-fide* students, and city teams to play men residing within seven miles of the town. This return to the old order of things seems unwise. College teams have already a great advantage over city teams; their men are all together, are more easily disciplined and trained than a team made up of bank and insurance clerks and law students, and have far greater opportunities for practice. Now that colleges are not bound to play *bona-fide* students they will have a greater advantage than ever, for they will not only be able to play graduates of more than one year's standing, but can also poach the city clubs' preserves by offering the inducement of "playing on the championship team," which is a hard one to resist. University teams have won the O.R.F.U. championship for the past four years, and as they will now be able to keep their teams together it will be a hard matter to get a city team to beat them. The cancelling of the rule which has been in operation this year means that 'Varsity may retain the services of Barr, McDougall, Malloch and Courtney Kingstone; Walter Moss may be restored to his old place at outside wing—in fact, the 'Varsity management may beckon any player desired, and in the absence of a restraining rule the player will wear 'Varsity colors. College men will play with their colleges until they are out of date, and then they will be yielded up to other clubs. Rugby, outside the universities, will remain as yellow as ever. Queen's will hunt up the men of '94. It will be a marvel if something very like open professionalism is not developed. The benefit derived by teams in small places will not be great.

Mr. D'Arcy Martin's amendment to the "held" rule, which would have rendered mass plays almost impossible, was thrown out, so we may expect to see mass plays galore next season. Would it not be a good idea for the 'Varsity management to engage Mr. Camp or Mr. Deland to instruct their team how to successfully make, and stop, "flying wedges," etc.?

The following are the O. R. F. U. officers for next season: President, A. B. Ford (Queen's); first vice-president, D'Arcy Martin (Hamilton); second vice-president, R. F. Eason (Lornes); secretary-treasurer, R. G. Fitzgibbon (Varsity); executive committee, J. L. Counsell (Varsity), G. Osler (Osgoode), Geo. Moncreiff (Petrolea), E. A. Ross (Queen's), J. Gilmour (T.A.C.), N. C. Jones (Trinity), and H. Farrell (Kingston).

Mr. Fitzgibbon is again manager of the 'Varsity team, and Jack Counsell was elected captain by acclamation. Counsell is without peer as a player, and as he is one of the most popular men in the college should make a successful captain.

The C. R. F. U. meet at the T. A. C. to-day. Messrs. Osler, McDougall and Ford will represent the O. R. F. U. at the meeting.

There will be an Inter-Collegiate Hockey League this year, in which 'Varsity, Knox, St. Michael's, Victoria, the Dentals and S. P. S. will likely enter teams. Kingston will have a local hockey league this year composed of the following teams: Rockwoods, Queen's II, Cadets and Frontenacs. They will play home and home matches, the winners to be decided by a majority of points made in both games.

What with the O. H. A., the Bank League, and the Junior City League games which will be played in Toronto, and only two rinks in which to play them, we are likely to have a surfeit of hockey this winter. If there were fewer teams the hockey played would necessarily improve. Better have one or two good teams than a dozen poor ones. The thing is being overdone. Wherever two or three men, primed with the first principles of hockey, are gathered together, they form a club and hunt up a few skaters to swell their number to seven,

Our Sportfolio.

No. IV.



J. K. McCulloch, Champion Skater.

J. K. McCulloch of Winnipeg is the champion fast skater of America. His performances of last winter were as follows: Mile match race with Nilsson, opposite sides of rink—McCulloch won in 2:53. Three-mile match race with Nilsson, both on scratch—McCulloch won in 8:56. Three-mile open, St. Paul Winter Carnival—(1) McCulloch, (2) Nilsson, (3) Davidson. Ten-mile Minnesota State Championship: time, 33:05—(1) McCulloch, (2) McDaniel, (3) Rudd. Also started, H. Davidson, Parrell, John Davidson. Skated an unpaced mile in 2:55. Quarter-mile American championship: time, 39—(1) McCulloch, (2) Davidson, (3) Nilsson. Five-mile American Championship: time, 15:02 1/2—(1) McCulloch, (2) Nilsson, (3) McDaniel, (4) H. Davidson. In this race McCulloch came within 3 seconds of the world's record, and made the miles in this order: 2:57 1/2, 3:37 1/2, 4:02 1/2, 12:02, 15:02 1/2. Ten-mile American Championship: time, 34:30 1/2—(1) McCulloch, (2) McDaniel, (3) Rudd. McCulloch will compete in the races at Montreal this winter, and will also come to Toronto, where it is to be hoped we shall have a chance to see him do a fast mile. He will also race at the St. Paul Winter Carnival again this winter. As his portrait shows, he is a powerful young fellow.

Twenty-one such hockeyists make a three-club league. Two years ago the game was injured in Toronto in this very way, for people wearied of so-called hockey before the really good matches came on. There is not in Ontario one really good hockey player for each club—there is hardly one for each league that has come into existence. Perhaps players will be developed in this way, and in time we may be able to compete with the players down east, but we would reach the point much more quickly if the clubs were less numerous and much stronger in membership, and trained and practiced along uniform lines.

A. M. Rutherford is captain of the Owen Sound Hockey Club, and C. E. Dowling secretary. C. R. Kavanagh is captain of the Renfrew Club and W. E. Lister is secretary.

The Victorias and Montreals met in the Victoria Rink, Montreal, on Tuesday evening, and the Vics. won by 8 goals to 7. The Vics. will soon leave on a trip to Winnipeg.

James Quirk, of sprinter fame, claims that Axton of Brantford is amateur champion bicycle rider of Canada. He quotes figures and says that Axton defeated Moore 10 out of 17 starts; Blaney 18 out of 28 starts; Hulse 8 out of 11 starts; Davidson 20 out of 31 starts, and McCaechern 7 out of 7 starts.

At the Princess Theater to-night there will be a twenty-round glove contest between Jack Hanley and that old Toronto light-weight, Harry Gilmore. A great many will be curious to see what effect ten years have had on the Toronto boy who used to rival George Full-james and who fought so gamely with Sam Bittle, his youth, reach and weight. Gilmore was always very quick and strong with the gloves and has won many notable battles. In this glove contest local sympathy will be entirely with him, although Hanley has every chance of winning the decision. Frank Erne with Cailahan, his sparring partner, will give an exhibition before the chief event takes place. Some of the Toronto papers are somewhat ahead of the time-table in dubbing Erne the champion. Although he got the decision in the bout with Dixon, and boxed very cleverly, yet it was not a championship mill. In the same way when West met Wolcott, no title was at issue, or the result might have been quite different. It does not do to take these things too seriously. THE UMPIRE.

In Memoriam.

The Grey County Council met at Owen Sound last week and passed a resolution of condolence with the widow of the late John Clark, M.P., who carried North Grey in the general elections but died soon after. Mr. Clark having been prominent in County Council it was considered proper to formally express regret at his death. The resolution of condolence was drawn up when Mr. Binnie, a councillor, arose and said that he had been shown a few lines of poetry, composed by Mr. Nicholas Read, a life-long friend of the deceased, and he moved that he be added to the resolution, which was carried. The lines were as follows:

John Clark as County Councillor
Was honest and discreet;
In the Dominion Parliament
His friends gave him a seat.
His Maker knowing he was fit
For a much higher post,
He took him to Himself and plac'd
Him 'mongst the heavenly host.

Made in Germany.

The Boston Transcript tells a good story about a consignment of goods made in Germany to a large Boston china store. A representative had ordered in that country a variety of goods, and among them a lot of cups, which are beautifully labeled, "To My Brother," "To a Friend," and so on through the list of human relationships. He had ordered with the rest a lot of moustache cups; they were well and duly made, but great was his astonishment when the consignment arrived to find the greater number of the cups so contrived to protect the beverage against the masculine hirsute adornment labeled thus: "To My Sister," "To My Mother," "To My Wife," "To My Betrothed!"

A Seasonable Wail.

For Saturday Night.

The trees have all put off their leaves,
The far-off hills are looking blue,
And I am putting off the man
Whose note to-day has fallen due.
I, too, am looking blue, because
I'm owing for my coal last fall;
And I must have some more put in
And have not got the wherewithal.

They're getting in their coal next door;
My lucky neighbor has the tin.
Our bins adjoin; I'll bore a hole
And let his coal slide in my bin.
A man is sawing kindling wood
Next door—'t's kindling for my fire.
I think I'll have to fire the house,
And then I'll have no house to fire.

The children want new winter things.
Warm caps and coats, and lots to boot.
My wife needs furs, and I myself
Have nothing but a tennis suit.
We'll all have to remain indoors,
Since we can't face the wintry air;
But then, the house will be so cold,
We'll need warm clothes to live in there.

Oh, why did I not marry Kate?
She was not beautiful they say;
But still, she'd cash. She married Tom,
Who is my neighbor, by the way.
Perhaps we'll wed in spirit-worlds;
But then, they don't need clothes above,
Or coal below. Meantime I freeze,
And wonder why I wed for love.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

A Baby's Smile.

For Saturday Night.

I sat by a baby's cradle
And watched the sleeping child,
When suddenly, without reason,
The baby stirred and smiled.

They tell me the "Angels whisper"
When a baby smiles in sleep,
And I quite believe it is so,
For that smile was, oh, so sweet.

A baby's "goo" the key note
Of All Symphony must be,
Not a sound in earth or heaven
That breathes such melody.

They say some don't love children
Or the touch of a dimpled cheek,
Don't see what "they make a fuss for"
When the baby tries to speak—

Don't thrill with a pure emotion
At the clasp of a chubby fist,
Don't breathe the breath of spring flowers
When a baby's lips are kissed—

Don't think of rippling waters
When some darling laughs in glee,
Don't think of a love diviner
When a mother's love they see.

I will not believe that it is so,
Surely it cannot be!
For the smile of a dear, sweet baby
Appeals to the best in me.

Toronto, Dec., '96. T. H. LITSTER.

Sunshine and Shower.

For Saturday Night.

The laughing moon tripped gaily down the sky,
With blushing cheeks and filmy wings outspread;
And the sea calmly lay a-dreaming nigh,
Blazing with jewels, in its golden bed.
"Love, Peace and Joy are monarchs here," I said,
"Darkness and Death have fled, ne'er to return."
But a dense cloud across the heavens sped,
Flinging o'er earth its shadow dark and stern,
And a low voice seemed unto me to say—
"Darkness must come and sunshine flee away."

Night spread her ebony wings across the earth,
The shattered clouds strode frowning through the sky;
And the sea shrieked and raved in fiendish mirth,
Tossing and plunging, as it climbed on high.
"Wrath, Death and Gloom are monarchs here," I cried,
"Joy, Peace and Love have vanished, hand in hand."
But through the night a flame of light I spied,
Pouring its beams o'er storm-lashed sea and land;
And that soft voice seemed whispering in my ear—
"Though dark the night, dawn's sunshine lingers near."

Toronto, Dec., '96. LIZZIE ENGLISH DYAS.

Christmas Bells.

For Saturday Night.

O carols sweet of Christmastide!
A note of sadness lingers still
In all your tones by land and sea,
In all your tones by day and hill.
You ever, ever seem to say,
Time flies so fast! Time flies so fast!
Another year is gathered in
To fill God's garner of the past.
Teach us, O Christmas Bells, this truth,
That from your ever music swells,
That, when at last earth's carols faint
Shall echo out their long farewells,
Dying, our ears may catch the sounds
Of Heaven's eternal Christmas Bells.

Hamilton, Ont. J. H. LONG.

Baby Feet.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand;
Two tender feet upon the untrodden border
Of life's mysterious land;
Those rose-white feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth, and fair,
Will cut away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there;
But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?
Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

Christmas.

Withers' Juvenilia.
"Lo, now is come our joyfulst feast!
Let every man be jolly.
Each room with yule leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry."



The Season Proximo.



THE unexpected sight of the first snow, fallen during the night, as you glance by way of habit from your bedroom window to see what manner of weather the day has in store, turns your mind perforce to the contemplation of the winter at hand, and whatever it may suggest and signify in regard to your own peculiar associations and circumstances. True, this material prospect of white may be an evanescent and ephemeral thing. Already, under the influence of the morning sun—which rose, late as his own habits have grown, much earlier than yourself—this first flurry of white is beginning to disappear as if guiltily aware of the prematureness of its arrival. On the lawns and the roofs it is a study in black and white; and upon the roadway and pavement, where the wheels of traffic and the feet of the early toilers hastened its inevitable evaporation, it presents a smirched and pitiable aspect of inglorious decay. Or it may be that with the fleecy flakes the thermometer also descended several degrees, and that throughout this initial day of winter, weeks removed from those that are to follow, the snow will hold its own and you will taste the crisp and exhilarating atmosphere of frost, and regret, possibly, that winter has not come himself instead of sending his admonitory little page robed in almost transparent white. Of course from the experiences of other autumns and the years that you can remember, you know that between this first snowfall and the real winter there will be weeks, a month possibly, of delightful weather, the most delightful weather of any season of our climate, Indian Summer. For popular tradition, that is not a fallacy in this matter, declares that not until the first snow has fallen can the Indian Summer come. And you therefore treat this first snow lightly—as, indeed, considering its manner of coming and its texture, it may be treated—as a pleasant little feather, fleeting reminder that summer with all her tropical delights has gone, and that the hoary representative of another dynasty, much more austere, an autocratic power, will very soon ascend the throne.

Nevertheless, the sight of this new arrival in the night directs your prospective reflection into a hitherto untraveled channel, as you dress, or descend to breakfast to discuss the prospect of slippery or slushy walking, as that unreliable mercurial necessity, the thermometer, may have seen fit to mete out to you. Or perhaps you chat about the advisability of taking winter by the forelock, such as it is, and donning heavy footwear and looking over—a task you have been mentally avoiding for some time past—your almost forgotten store of winter apparel, that the moths may very possibly have impaired the value and usefulness of. The householder, as he munches his toast and sips his coffee—both of which, by the way, on this particular morning seem to possess a warmth and flavor singularly palatable—and while he gazes at the white prospect of his lawn, is reminded that there is very little of last year's coal in the bin, just enough, possibly, to keep the furnace busy and the house comfortable for a few days, should the *debit* of the Indian summer with its more genial and less expensive pulse be yet remote. He reflects upon the absolute necessity of not further postponing the ordering and the "getting in" of the coal and the wood; and calculates the cost inevitably associated with this most essential action. The wife and mother, who has perchance been just a trifle dilatory likewise, or unheeding of the flying weeks and the fact that almost to the last one the withered leaves have dropped from the trees, is reminded by her own intuition that there are a thousand and one things which she must purchase in generous quantities in order that the cellar and the larder may be plentifully stocked for the winter months, when healthy appetites and the consequent consumption of no end of good things are those important factors in the attainment of those ends desired by every good wife and mother—gastronomic well-being, and comfort and happiness.

The two-year old toddler, who imagines he remembers, or does remember—who knows—the snows of a year ago, when he was little more than twelve months old and just learning to walk, looks with delight and glee upon being "dressed" and let out in company with the miniature shovel and sled with which he was presented by an over-energetic uncle or too enraptured grandmother; or possibly father, who saw his chubby offspring through the time-old glasses of parental pride and premature possibilities.

The boys who are a few sizes larger are already out, their fingers grown purple and numb and their garments wet in the manufacture of dripping balls of slush, with which they pelt the butcher, the baker and the milkman—who possibly came too late for the por-

ridge and deserves to be the target of the incipient snowball—breaking, maybe, a front window-pane, through which their small and more decorous sisters have been gravely regarding their small brothers with occasional admonitory and almost maternal shakes of the head.

The boy next step up, who has grown into the dignity that is above the childish pastime of pelting snowballs, hurries to the upper regions of the house or to his trunk of treasures to resurrect his skates, and discover in all likelihood that they are now quite out of fashion and altogether unfit for use; a fact not altogether lamentable from his point of view, which he communicates in a grave manner compatible with the supreme importance of the "discovery" to his father, or perhaps to his mother, since mothers are so much more susceptible to the urgency of such matters.

The boy who is no longer a boy, but a youth, meditates the questionable sense of playing hockey another season, and upon his chances of being re-elected a member of the executive of the club. He also reviews his wardrobe and thinks it a beastly shame that a fellow of his years (seventeen) should have to put up for a fifth winter with that old, brown, out-of-date ulster.

The largest brother, the "big" brother of the big sister, who adores him through her ignorance of his worst points, who is "by law an infant and in years a boy," and yet the only male member of the family who is not in a healthy sense a boy (not exclusive, indeed, of *paterfamilias* himself, nor of the sixteen-year-old romp of a sister, for that matter), also makes an inventory and survey of his cold-weather garments, which were so carefully and thoughtfully put away with a great many camphor balls seven months ago by the little mother who thinks of everything and is never thought of at all by way of return for all her maternal solicitude. He decides, with the critical air of a Brummel, that he must have at least a new ulster or a coonskin, or very possibly a fur-lined, beaver. Something of the sort will be absolutely indispensable. And he hopes meantime that his mother will for goodness' sake discard that really shabby affair she wore last winter, and for as many winters past as he can really remember, he believes, and get something at least respectable if not stylish.

His big sister, who is twenty, holds an animated discussion with mamma, and then hurries to the mantle-maker and is measured for a good, warm and fashionable coat. Let us hope that its ultimate arrival home and subsequent trial on will bring pleasure to the heart of the wearer, tears of envy to the eyes of her feminine friends, and that it will fit beyond cavil the admirable and plump young figure for which it was designed. The initial visit to the dry-goods store and the mantle-maker over, this charming young member of the family wheels about upon the piano-stool during her practicing and pensively regards with tender, dreamy eyes the bit of snow that may yet fringe the roadway. Then she leaves the piano-stool for a softer and more comfortable chair, and in the fading light resigns herself to a delightful reverie, which is a sort of mental and sentimental album of blissful recollections of sleigh-rides with young So-and-So—a charming fellow! Oh, those matchless moonlit nights! and the long stretch of white and glittering road, and the dear old lanes! where doubtless the lively horse found the traveling abominable and in his equine heart cursed his owner for letting him out in company with such a supremely selfish and slow and altogether ridiculously sentimental and happy couple, cuddled very closely and cosily together between the buffalo robes, and proving quite unconsciously that the cutter seat could easily hold three—if necessary.

Reversing the order of sex, the big brother is perhaps not insensible to somewhat similar reflections and reminiscences; with one very material difference, at least, that he wonders if Riggs and Bells, the livery-stable keepers, will overlook the little difference he had with them a few months ago over the balance of his last winter's account, for which he was assiduously dunned during the summer months, and which he treated with lofty and snobbish contempt, as if another winter with its climatic and sentimental necessities of hired horses and sleigh bells and buffalo robes was a most remote contingency.

The jolly romp of a sixteen-year-old sister, who is going to school, wonders if daddy will buy her a season ticket for the rink as he did last year; and if young—I forget his name, but such a nice boy!—will see that she gets an invitation to the opening of the Toboggan Slide, and which will of course include the big sister, and papa and mamma (who very wisely will not avail themselves of it, since they know that such brisk pleasures were not devised for elderly people). And she wonders, too, if this certain nice boy will send her one of those pretty scarlet and gold badges of honorary membership for the season; and if mamma will let her have a blanket coat this year.

Mamma meantime, with an intuition of the storm, clothed in an excess of politeness and endearments, that is coming, is probably devising, very foolishly, some scheme for having that old jacket—so abominated by the eldest son—made over, or new sleeves put in her old sealette, a policy quite contrary to the advice laid down in the New Testament; and all of which is an unselfish and thoroughly maternal scheme of self-denial which "papa," if he knows right from wrong, will not let the good woman put into practice at all, even if the good-looking and stylish sister has to have the order for her new coat cancelled, or the two younger boys do with last year's coats and caps. Let us hope, however, that prosperity will be so general and all-

embracing in this, as in every other family, that each one may be able to blossom out in something new even if not absolutely necessary; and that unselfishness, not less general, like an inspiration (which at best it is with the younger generation, and an uninvited, undesired and fleeting inspiration at that) will play a prominent part in the hearts, and be a mover of spontaneous deeds of love in the actions of the younger members of the circle.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

The Painted Sleigh.

A Story of Christmas Eve.

ANDY PETLEY entered his home on that particular evening—the 23rd of December—by the back door, after putting about in the darkness of the woodshed for a time. He walked straight through the kitchen without pausing to speak or to rub his hands over the badly cracked but always cheerfully warm cook-stove, and made a lengthy business of hanging up his torn overcoat and shabby hat in the hall-way.

Mrs. Petley was stirring the contents of a tin dish on the stove as he passed through, and gave him a glance of enquiry. Then she picked up a cloth and lifted the dish over to the table, pouring its contents into two plates.

"Come on to supper," she said. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Petley, coming into the kitchen and seating himself at the table. "I'm tired; that's all."

"I suppose it's the same story."

"Same story. Been everywhere I can think of and can't get a hand's turn to do. I've seen every foreman I ever worked for, and it's the same yarn—laying off hands; nothing doing. I tell you, Mag, I'm about sick of it."

The plain little meal progressed in silence, the man and the woman thinking their own thoughts.

"Boy in bed?" asked the father presently.

"Yes."

The man arose and, crossing his hands behind his back, glared his face against the window that overlooked a few feet of backyard, now hidden in darkness. After a while he spoke.

"I brought him home a present."

"A what?" exclaimed Mrs. Petley, setting down her tea-cup with a thump.

"A present—a hand-sleigh. Oh, I didn't buy a new one—no fear of that," he added hurriedly, still peering aimlessly into the darkness.

"Met Kelly on the way home with a new hand-sleigh for his kid, and he said if I'd walk around his way I could have the old one. The Boy'll just go crazy over it."

"So he will," said Mrs. Petley. "I'm awful glad, Andy. The poor little fellow never gets anything. Where's the sleigh?"

"In the woodshed. I'm going over to Tom's to borrow some paint. If I paint it over it'll be dry for Christmas morning and I'll look like a new sleigh."

He turned from the window, got his hat and departed.

Mrs. Petley sang at her work now. There had come a streak of sunlight. She scraped what remained in the tin dish into a saucer—it was oatmeal gruel. She emptied the tea-pot of its dregs—the "tea" had been made by burning a crust of bread to a cinder and scraping it into a pot of boiling water, not so bad a substitute for tea as one might think, and a thrifty device of which Mrs. Petley was justly proud. She sang as she washed and put away the few plain dishes, and then went into a bedroom on tip-toe to look at a round-faced, sturdy little fellow of four who slept.

Andy came presently with a pot of red paint and a brush, and the hand-sleigh was brought in. It was long and narrow, and had been stylish before hard usage had disfigured it. Petley placed it on two chairs and set to work at once. He daubed the runners first—red, red, quick and sure, over all—red. Then the top—with sweeping strokes he assailed the top.

"Aw, Andy, take more pains with it," complained Mrs. Petley. "Don't go and daub it all over that way."

"Never you mind," said the husband. "I know how to use paint. After I've got a ground work on, then I'll brush it over careful and make it smooth. That's the way to paint anything."

"Well, I'd have left them stripes on the top. They looked nicer. Who ever saw a sleigh all red?"

"Why, you see—well, I had a sleigh when I was the Boy's age—I had a sleigh and it was all red. That'll be nice—for him to have a red sleigh just like the one his father had when he was a boy."

And then Andy worked more carefully. He seemed to take a pride in the work. He stroked it affectionately. He smoothed the daubs. He picked off, with a knife, the clots of paint. And at last on tip-toe he carried the sleigh up into the attic, where for two nights and a day it could dry. And then for Christmas morning and a surprise for the Boy!

Andy Petley did not strike out bright and early next day. He said he would go in the afternoon, but when noon came, and two o'clock came, still he loitered about the house. He said he was tired looking for work, but would go out a little later and see some men he knew. Mrs. Petley, conscious that for once Christmas would bring pleasure to the Boy, waited with excitement for the morrow, and explained all about Santa Claus to the lad. Yet she suggested nothing—she would not

spoil the surprise of the morrow.

Andy walked up and down before the house all the late afternoon, and when he sat down to his plain and stunted supper he was so preoccupied that he even asked for butter. A depression was upon the couple, and when at last Petley pulled away from the table and sat gloomily by the window, his wife silently eyed him as she worked.

Soon a strange look crept into the woman's face. Her hands moved mechanically with the dishes as she washed and wiped and placed them in the rough cupboard, but she did not seem to see where she moved or notice what she did. And when all was done and the loose-limbed table shoved back against the wall, the woman went noiselessly out of the room—forward into the front part of the house, into the room where a four-year-old boy child lay asleep. An hour later she came back, and leaning her arm upon her husband's shoulder she said:

"Andrew."

He looked up quickly and their eyes met in a frightened, evasive glance.

"Andrew, perhaps, after all—you shouldn't—perhaps you shouldn't've let Mr. Kelly give you that sleigh."

The husband twisted himself loose from the weight of her arm with a savage exclamation. "Perhaps—it's not too late yet—perhaps you'd better take it back. The Boy don't know anything about getting a sleigh. I've been in there with him, Andrew, praying for him—and for you and me, and I think—I know—it'd be better to take it away."

The wife did not cry, but she had some difficulty in speaking, as though her throat were parched.

"It's painted," groaned the husband. He was bending low, his head in his hands—crushed with a knowledge of his soul.

"No, matter," said the wife. "Andrew, I have prayed. Won't you pray?"

"No," he said, and sprang to his feet, pushing her roughly aside. He pulled on his coat and hat and without a word passed into the night.

Sitting at a window of the unit front room, motionless, the woman waited. Footsteps drew near and men passed by—women and children too—carrying parcels, laughing, chatting, hurrying home, one and all, with bright thoughts and hopes of the Christmas morrow. They did not notice the darkened house nor see the gray face behind the window.

Then a man came who turned in, entered at the rear, passed through the hall, up to the attic, down and out again into the night. But the woman was gone from the window and lay with arms spread over a sleeping boy.

Christmas morning came, as mornings do come after nights, and the world was a glad world. Bells rang, and in the crisp snow the sound of passing feet made music. The Boy saw a stocking on his bed-post and with glee emptied its treasures—some home-made taffy rolled in paper, a split-handled jack-knife, just like one his father used to have, and a little Bible with crushed flowers among its pages and a musty smell such as new books do not have—a child's Bible such as a grown woman might have had in her girlhood and treasured ever since. No happier child than the Boy praised the name of "Sandy Claus" that day.

On the broad lawn that fronted a rich man's palace that Christmas morning lay a hand-sleigh covered with coarse red paint. From its position, one might think it had been thrown over the fence. A servant, seeing it there, came out and tossed it into the backyard, wondering who had painted the old sleigh. And so through the winter, with its snows and frosts and rains, it lay a dilapidated and unprized thing—its runners rusted, its rope rotted, its coarse red paint chipped off—for new sleds and new playthings in abundance had come to that home. None knew the tragic night through which The Painted Sleigh had passed.

MACK.

A Living Record.

Cape Town Register.

A white man sued a black man in Natal the other day, and while the trial was proceeding the litigants came to an amicable settlement.

The counsel for the plaintiff announced this circumstance to the Court.

"The agreement must be in writing," said the judge.

"We have it here in black and white," replied the counsel, pointing to the parties; "what more is necessary?"

Almost Too Good to Hope For.

N. Y. Truth.

Mamma—Freddie, Freddie, how often have I told you not to mock the peculiarities of others? If you do, you'll grow just like them.

Freddie (after a long pause)—Ma, if I mocked the elephant very hard, do you suppose I'd ever grow so I could pick apples over a fence with my nose?

Motif.

Critic—Why do you have such a lot of killing in your grand opera?

Composer—Why, don't you understand? You can get prima donnas for almost nothing if you let them kill each other.

An Old Question Answered.

Grateful Recipient—Oh, thank you so much! How can I ever repay you?

Benefactor—By a strict attention to business until you have the requisite amount.

As she jumped from her bike, dusting her boots with the spray of golden rod, she exclaimed: "I have wheeled more than sixty miles since dinner; what do you think of that?" "Great feat!" he surprisingly ejaculated. "Sir!" she almost hissed, and turned away with malign hauteur: nor has she spoken to him since.—*Boston Courier.*

The Three Fires.

A PAINTER sat before an easel deep in the heart of a forest, his pigments drying upon his palette. The sun's rays were sifting downward through the sheen of leaves and the painter had tried to transfer them to his canvas, but they changed so elusively that he fancied the gods were playing pranks upon him and desisted.

He sat still, deep in meditation, until a voice speaking very low asked him if he needed aid. "Who art thou?" the painter asked.

And the voice answered, "I am that spark of the god-essence within you."

"Teach me then," said the painter, "the mystery of color."

Then his good genius transported him in spirit to the land where dwell the People of the Evil Star, who live at the foot of a mountain which is their hope of heaven, for up this mountain, inaccessible through life, their spirits, released by death, ascend to ineffable joy. Here upon the foot-hills the people live in arbors, and to one of these, the genius directing, he entered and found an old man engaged in painting a picture, now and then sitting for a length of time wrapped in his work or as though communing with his inner consciousness, and then painting feverishly until some attribute of his painting was attained.

As the younger man gazed upon the picture, rapture seized upon him; he seemed to pass through the guardian kingdoms to the knowledge of color. Then the genius drew him away, the memories of symbolic color vibrating in his brain. The attributes of the Godly white, the regal blue, emblem of celestial things, and the sorrowful yellow of natural man. The green, symbol of beastliness; the red, blood of Tantalus, and the black, symbol of all which is lowest and evil in mankind.

Back again in the forest, but day changed into night, the silver moonbeams percolating where the sunbeams fell, the soul of the artist rejoined the body and the genius left him. The rapture dying out, caused by the clash of clay and spirit, his garments wet with dew chilling him, he droops in melancholy; then the spirit, returning with a robe of comfort and good cheer, spreads it over him, warming him back into the world of action.

He looks about him and sees the scattered implements of his craft; then to his imagination there seems to spring up at the foot of an oak tree, upon whose roots they try to feed their flames, three fires, one white, another blue, and yet another yellow, and over them, battling furiously to extinguish them, a herculean figure, brutish of feature, with a complexion green in the reflection of the fires.

Taking up his palette and brushes the artist begins to paint, and painting dies.

Woodmen, stolid men with more body than mind, in the course of their work find him and place his body in its last resting-place. The picture passing through many hands at last finds its way to the country's greatest gallery, where it is hung low down where the populace can have free access to it. Now and then a pilgrim pauses before it, sighs, looks deeply, sees in it the Three Fires of Righteous Desire battling with Ignorance for the perfect knowledge of the infinite; but there are many—those to whom a barren ceremony is sufficient to still their puny cravings for knowledge—who pass it by as the freak of a madman.

Toronto, Dec., '96. THE MYSTIC.

An Experienced Traveler.

A sallow individual, in a faded brown overcoat, sat down on a stool at one of the railway refreshment bars the other morning and said to the waitress, "Give me a cup of coffee and one of your expurgated sandwiches."

"What kind?" asked the bouncing beauty behind the bar.

"Expurgated," rejoined the other. "One of those vacuum sandwiches for which you are justly celebrated."

"I haven't any kind but those under that glass cover."

"That's the particular variety I want." He helped himself to one of them and lifted off the lid. "This is what I call a sandwich," he observed, eyeing it critically, yet approvingly.

"There's nothing supererogatory about it. It's one of those hiatus sandwiches, it's a sandwich with an alibi," he added, replacing the lid and studying the outer surface of it intently. "It's an absent sandwich. I have seen times when I would have given worlds to—"

"I say," interrupted the beauty, "if you don't like that sandwich you needn't eat it."

"Who said I didn't like it? Didn't I ask for it? I generally know what I want. For this particular occasion, and for this specific luncheon, I happen to want one of your negative sandwiches—one of your shadowy, deflated, dream sandwiches, and, like a man, I call for it. Anything wrong about that? Give me, if you please, a cup of your best supposititious coffee."

"I've got only one kind of coffee," replied the sulky girl.

"That's the kind I want. A cup of your universally admired non-existent coffee—your famous nullification coffee. Accompanied, if you please, by a small pitcher of your vague, phantasmal, visionary, depopulated cream. I am fasting to-day."

And while the man in the faded brown coat munched the sandwich and sipped the coffee in a slow, absent-minded way, the girl stared at him and longed to scratch him.

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Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Jan. 9	Jan. 18	Jan. 21	Jan. 22
Werra	Jan. 16	Jan. 25	Jan. 28	Jan. 29
Emu	Jan. 23	Feb. 1	Feb. 4	Feb. 5
Furst Bismarck	Jan. 26	Feb. 6	Feb. 9	Feb. 10
Fulda	Feb. 6	Feb. 15	Feb. 18	Feb. 19
Normania	Feb. 13	Feb. 21	Feb. 24	Feb. 25
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Feb. 20	Mar. 1	Mar. 4	Mar. 5
Emu	Feb. 27	Mar. 8	Mar. 11	Mar. 12
Fulda	Mar. 6	Mar. 15	Mar. 18	Mar. 19

Steamers call at Algiers.

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Anecdotal.

The making of phrases has frequently been the sole distinction of many a prince. Perhaps the most remarkable phrase uttered by a modern sovereign was spoken by King Humbert of Italy a few years ago, when cholera was raging in Naples. He had been invited to a banquet by the municipality of Genoa and declined in the following words: "Men are feasting at Genoa. Men are dying in Naples. I go to Naples."

On one occasion the Empress Eugénie gave to Mrs. John Bigelow, whose husband was then American Minister to Paris, the use of the imperial *loge* at the opera. The great world was puzzled to guess who occupied it that night. "Did you enjoy the opera?" asked the empress, next day. "Couldn't go, your majesty," cheerily responded the American, "but the children enjoyed it hugely." She had sent the little Bigelows and their nurses!

Mr. G. R. Sims is said to be responsible for a good story from Berne. A referendum was approaching its completion: the votes had been given, and the chairman was ready to declare figures. In this moment of anxious expectation, when the fortunes of the country were at stake, a voice from the public gallery was heard crying: "Waiter!" The result was instantaneous. The whole sovereign assembly of the Swiss people rose to its feet as one man and answered, "Yes, sir."

On one occasion Lord Wolsley's life was saved by Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, known as Count Gleichen. It was in the Crimea, when young Wolsley, badly wounded, was passed by the doctor as dead. Undisturbed by the doctor's remarks, Prince Victor tried to extract a jagged piece of stone which was sticking in the wound, and the Prince succeeded in restoring Wolsley, for after a little brandy had been poured down his throat, and more asseverations from the Army doctor that he was dead, he sat up, and exclaimed: "No more dead than you are, you fool!"

Students of various languages frequently dream in foreign tongues, but rarely forget their own even for a moment. A tale is told of Frederick Horner, an Englishman who spent his time in adapting French plays for the English stage. He was dining in an English hotel. When he had finished eating he had a desire to smoke, and calling a waiter said to him: "Peut-on fumer ici?" The man looked blank. "I don't understand a word of French, sir," he said. Horner looked the picture of despair. "Then for pity's sake send me one who does!" he exclaimed.

Numerous are the stories told of the humor

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and ready wit of the late Lord Fitzgerald, but none is better than that of the discomfiture of a treasury official who was sent over from London to complain of excessive expenditure for fuel in the Lord Chief Justice's court. He was shown into his room, and proceeded gravely and formally to state his errand and to enlarge on the importance of economy in the matter of fuel. The Lord Chief Justice listened to him very patiently, and then rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, said: "Tell Mary that the man has come about the coals."

A rather humorous tale is told of Li Hung Chang. At a dinner given in Peking by the French Ambassador the great Chinese statesman was invited. The party included the wives of the European guests, and when the butler announced dinner, the host stepped up to Li Hung Chang and said: "Will it please Your Excellency to take my wife to dinner?" Li Hung Chang interpreted the request literally. He stepped up to the French Ambassador, who was a very tiny woman, picked her up under one arm and literally carried her into the dining-table, to the amazement of the guests and dismay of the Ambassador.

Between You and Me.

"If I were you," said the woman to whom I related an annoyance caused by the carelessness of a magnificent young female behind a certain counter, "I should report her and give her a good talking to as well." "Why," I enquired, "what good would that do anyone?" "Oh, I don't know, but I should have that much satisfaction." And I fell a-wondering what sort of satisfaction such a course could give, and whether I should feel more satisfied if I did as my friend recommended. I know quite well that I am very cross whenever I think of time and money wasted by me on account of that young woman's regal way of declining to trouble herself to be accurate, when she is paid a salary to that end, but somehow to report her and to wig her do not seem to me means likely to improve her, and after all I fancy I had better try to forgive and forget.

"Write something about Christmas presents," orders a young person, and adds, "Plenty of people need ideas about this time." As if anyone who can crawl and see doesn't prefer going to the shops and picking things out alone! We are losing some of the fun of Christmas when we say bluffly, "Well, you just say what you'd like me to give you," and perhaps the two of us go calmly off together and purchase the choice. I would rather have a fifty-cent trinket, over which that mystery thing like a halo until the morning of Christmas Day, than a silver-mounted dressing-case which I priced and bargained over in the utmost *angst*, and saw some benighted creature pay for in prosaic bank bills. For life grows over-crowded with material things and the getting of them; and the dear, merry foolishness of less sophisticated ages are few and far between. Christmas is about the only corner in the whole year in which they can peep and hide, and even Christmas loses year by year a little more of its delightful flavor. For me, I must confess I like the papers which blossom out into Christmas pictures, and I "diss love" Santa Claus, and a pudding all adre with blue and green flames, and holly and mistletoe, and strange, queer-shaped packages popped in by messengers, and fat baskets by express, and children's parties, and dances around the Christmas tree, and sallies forth late at night with sly, good things for some half-nourished, half-clothed poor folks, and every dear, lovely, kind prank that is laughed at by the spirit of to-day. When one keeps Christmas in such merry, hearty fashion, giving good and getting good, the sweet warmth of one's heart keeps up its glow for a long time through the cold, practical year.

Do you ever wonder what you will look like when you are old? I watched a lot of young people the other night who were playing at being old, with hair turned white with *poudre de riz*, and I wondered how they would look when they were really white-haired. What sort of lines do you want to settle around your face, as footprints of time and your life's knowledge? You can have just which you like, you know, for the lines follow your will in the end. There are grim furrows of stern fighting against yourself, deep creases of fighting against your environment, terrible lines of war with clashing wills, when you've been "wroth with one you love." All these lines are drawn to one pattern, the fool-pattern, little as you may believe it. Only a fool fights; the wise man keeps his force to grow with. There may be some tiny, short, interwoven lines, a very net to imprison sunbeams; you drew them in your merry times, when you smiled hard, when your very heart shook with fun suppressed, but making its bright record with those little lines. There are heavy lines of care, which only a dull person would choose to mark a face with; sharp lines of pain, when you forgot and lost your nerve and were the prey of tortures all unnecessary; sad lines of patience that had foolishly unclasped hands with hope. Some of those lines tell me that you may have made them while you whispered "Life is not worth living!" When one gets such a squint-eyed view of life as that, it is best to stop looking at it for a while. One must think of something, naturally, but one can think of what one likes. When my mind runs crazy, and I begin to think despair lines on my face, do you know what I do? Simply think of the stars, one or many. The red one, Antares, in the heart of Scorpio, or that sweet little group like a diamond breastpin, the Pleiades, or the noble, magnificent, royal ones which outline the lordly Orion. I wonder if it was Job who taught me to forget the sordid things of life in this fashion. Perhaps when his goods and chattels went up in smoke, and his children were killed, and his friends bored him, and his wife nagged him, he just thought of the stars, and somehow down the ages I caught the secret from him. A song is sweet, a flower is lovely, a gem is fascinating, but one can hold them and possess them; the far-away stars are all this, and also beyond our reach. Even to think up to them lifts us out of life.

We had quite an argument, Mr. Gay and I, on the question of responsibility regarding our friends. Having quite frequently in bygone years got my fingers burned, pulling other people's chestnuts off the stove, I am much inclined to let the chestnuts burn and the other people go without. I loathe giving advice or hints to people, and the instinct of self-preservation is so strong in me that I never feel it "my duty" to tell them if I hear nasty things said about them. When people do the like by me I immediately think they made the things up, and used some poor creature, who might or might not be nameless, as a sort of dummy behind which they shot at me themselves. Fortunately my experience is very limited in such unpleasantness. But sometimes a crucial moment comes when it really seems as if one should step in and vocalize, (at least, Mr. Gay says so) and we argued about it, without either being convinced. There seems to me a savor of impertinence in such an act, and the danger of being mistaken in one's premises, and the probability of being well hated for one's pains, and on the whole I have come to the conclusion that the occasion will be very rare and very remote when I risk the role of warmer or adviser. Perhaps having decided so, some other way to help my friends, if they need me, will be opened.

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Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MARGARET.—I have the study in this week's work; up-to-date doesn't mean to the very day, but I am doing November studies this week.

STRANGE MOUSE.—Most, if not all, of the high churches have free seats altogether. No; you go to church to worship, and perhaps to be taught something, or warned, or reminded of your duties by a person who is presumably fitted to take the responsibility. If you expect social recognition I am very sorry for you.

BEATRICE.—Thanks so much for your kind wishes. I hope you will also have a Happy Christmas and a progressive New Year. I wish you a wheel, too! I don't believe you have much buoyancy, but when you get a bicycle it will come over you like sunshine. Laugh on, Beatrice, and you'll live the merrier. You never said a word about a delineation.

GEORGETTE BEERY.—There isn't a very striking amount of character shown. The writing is rather immature: the will is firm, temper even and energetic; a slight touch of ambition, no tact, a somewhat practical nature, conservative and not able to readily accept changes of condition, some touch of hope and a good deal of self-reliance are shown. This study needs development, but has fine points.

HARMACHIS.—You have affection, practical method, concentration, and an objection to display. You need a little freer hand and a broader mind with receptivity and less rigidity. Spread out and grow, my friend; let all the pretty traits of sympathy and merriment, and a little impulsive nonsense, beautify you. You are quite original in your quiet way, and have a distinct and marked character, but it needs trimming up.

SAM WELLER.—To get and to keep, not to trust anyone overmuch, to be strong but kind, careful in your work, honest and reasonable, with fine energy, perseverance and decision, and a good clear brain, are what traits your writing reveals. You have ambitions and will realize them. You are more apt to laugh over life than cry over it, have some pride and a very reasonable temper, strong opinions and are not liable to change.

PINKIE.—I cannot answer your question without more particulars. You are on thin ice, my woman, and the water is cold and maybe deep. Take care you don't go foolishly and have to work back with regrets or even remorse. From what you write I should imagine the person is only anxious for temporary gratification and values you lightly. There are such animals, dear girl, and they prey upon people like you, who are old and weak. Now, your business is to take good care of yourself.

LUCELLE.—There are various remedies for the complaint. If I were in your place I should take a course of Turkish baths, being exceedingly careful not to take any cold; in fact, drive home and remain on the sofa until evening. Don't go oftener than once a week, and take plenty of time at the bath. You can go as early as half-past nine and remain until two. Let me know if they suit your case, and don't have your hair washed oftener than once in four times. I believe greatly in massage; its effects are wonderful.

W. J. BRYAN.—I. So you didn't get to the White House after all! I am glad, for I bet a new hat you wouldn't. 2. Your writing is not decided, showing vacillation and lightness of purpose; but your lines are honest and your method careful and discreet. You will never tie a knot with your tongue that you can't undo with your teeth. You are clever, but not forceful, and are, I fancy, rather easily influenced. Such a person as Margaret should be an object lesson to you. Perhaps lack of culture and experience is due to youth, but you do need some whalebones in your body.

LACHRYMARA.—I. I am sorry my Latin isn't equal to the translation you mention. Your other question savors of the idiotic, what is the meaning of *pourquoi*, the French for *why*? Why *why*, of course, or literally *pourquoi*—for and *quoi*—what, for what? As to the pronunciation, the nearest I can give you is "poor-quaw." 2. Your writing shows weakness and disposition to sentiment, some love of beauty, good nature, light but firm purpose, a lack of animation and imagination, some ambition to rise, but not much force to sustain it. I think the character is still undeveloped and a delineation manifestly unfair.

BUOYANT.—I. Yes, I saw you, and am very sorry you had such hard work without adequate return. You were all very lovely. 2. Your writing is not particularly striking yet, but it shows you have a level head, frank and truthful nature, a rather nimble tongue and a careful method, with strong love of approbation. Don't quarrel with the world, child, no bother your head about its selfishness. You have no reason to suppose you are more interesting to humanity than each one is to himself. No one need be imposed on unless they are cowardly, indifferent or lazy. It is not often on account of good nature, believe me.

A. P. A.—I am sure you are a foreigner. There are the dear little turns that betray you to me. You are brightly perceptive and unprejudiced, intuitive rather than logical, high-strung and very sensitive to surroundings. You should love the arts and be easily moved by sweet sounds and beauty in any

shape. You have facility and adaptability; are impressionable, frank and somewhat imaginative; apt to be led by impulse; a strong nature, hard to control and always preferring the straightest road. There is some self-will and decided tenacity when your mind is set upon a thing. I think you can be sharp, both in judgment and expression, at a pinch.

BROWNIE, Sarnia.—Go away, Brownie. I skulked in your town before you were born! Don't draw any word-pictures of it, my child; I've got it in my heart, along with dear good people you know, and some you'll perhaps never know, unless you are good and become an angel some day, then you'll meet them. Is this a "favorable answer?" Your "writing" looks very young, but very attractive. I'm sure you're a nice girl. You have a clear head, some taste, and very straightforward ways; hope, care for detail, love of social pleasure, some lack of tact, a decided, positive will and a good sense of right. You should be a good woman, Brownie, some time!

DAVENPORT.—Your study suffers from being written on lines; I fancy perhaps your character would also develop better if your range were more extended. It has a good deal of power, poise and perseverance; you are bright and observant, but not original, and you lack keenness of judgment and reserve in your intercourse with others. I don't think you always say the right thing, but it is not from want of good will. You are apt to be careless of minute matters, which keeps some appreciation you deserve from you. On the whole the writing shows independence, lack of tact, a rather easy-going and adaptable nature, apt to make little serious effort to better either herself or her environment.

OLD MAID.—I. What a misnomer! You should never be one of the sisterhood; all the lines point otherwise. In fact, they don't suggest the sex even which you claim. I am glad your friend found the delineation exact. When it is at fault it is almost certain to be some stupidity or carelessness on my part, or a dense determination on that of the sender to acknowledge nothing derogatory. 2. Your writing is very attractive. A concrete, clever and well-disciplined character, alive to sympathy, fond of the beautiful, tactful, gracious and ingratiating. You can make the best of circumstances and enjoy life thoroughly. You have honor, decision, good order and method, discretion, and you're no more an old maid than I am. There!

IAN MACLAUREN, No. 2.—I. There is no such person. I am shocked at your impudence. And so you don't believe in renunciation? Why, my man, it's the strongest soul-tonic ever prescribed. 2. Your writing shows the perversity of the strong and the force of the perverse. You are combative under compulsion, a trifle cruel, very clever and diplomatic when you like, at other times brutally frank. There is no self-control, an indirect method, altogether the writing of a somewhat commanding but very unreasonable man, as unlike his *nom de plume* as light and darkness. You have a keen sense of humor and love society and excitement. May I hazard the guess that whatever your calling is, it is one that keeps you abnormally self-assertive?

HOT SCOTCH.—The careless reader would say, "That's a shocking fist," at your writing, but, graphologically, it is very interesting; you are exceedingly bright, and you will probably like to be told so, for you value mental endowment highly. You were never made to live alone, being happy among friends, and very apt to be a charming companion. You are quite independent and sometimes original, and you like to be appreciated. I think you are rather hasty, averse to diplomacy and impatient of delay. You are apt to pull up your plants to see if they are taking root; learn to leave things alone more, both for yourself and others. Don't try to run the earth or even think you can. It ran before you were born.

Paterfamilias (sternly).—Let this end right here, sir!—right here and now! Fond Lover!—All r-right, sir!—c-call a minister.

Signor E. Rubini, late principal professor of singing at the London (Eng.), Academy of Music, has selected, and purchased a Pratte Piano for his own use.

She—Then there are planks in the party platforms which people do not expect to be carried out? He—That's it. They are just like the promise to obey in the marriage service.

"Julia, you know George used to love to stuff my sleeves in before we were married?" "Yes." "Well—now he says: 'Great guns—can't you get some kind of cloak that you can get into by yourself.'"—Chicago Record.

Young Mrs. Fitz—The Trolleybys have such a jewel of a hired girl. Their floor is actually clean enough to eat off. Young Mr. Fitz—By George, that ought to be right handy when he has to carve a duck. —Indianapolis Journal.

"We have got out a special cyclometer for women," remarked the dealer to Tomdick. "What is special about it? Is it smaller in size than the men's?" "Yes, it's smaller, but its great advantage is that it registers one hundred miles after a run of sixty-five."—Pearson's Weekly.

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Suffering Women.



Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one great cause, and that is weakness. The headaches, the

depressed feelings, the pains, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness. At such times a woman always needs a friend that can be relied upon, and such a friend, for more than twenty years, has been that greatest of all remedies,



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THE CONNOISSEUR

BY HAROLD FREDERIC

Author of "Seth's Brother's Wife," "In the Valley," "The Damnation of Theron Ware," &c.

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PART I.

WHEN Mr. Tyndall Passy at last returned to England, most of the people who had once expected remarkable things of him seemed quite to have forgotten that there had ever been such a young man. He went about London for a couple of days, calling here and there at a house, only to find former acquaintances out of town or living elsewhere, and looking in at clubs where hall porters did not recognize the names he pronounced.

Even abroad, his habit had been to avoid large cities; this vast indifferent London became in those two days a horror to his nerves. Against the depressing background of its crowded loneliness, unpleasant visions began to define themselves. He had in his pocket a little account book containing proofs that it was very nearly time for him to be thinking of earning some money; and its columns of delicately inscribed figures, which at the outset had barely interested him, started up an evil trick of coming into the foreground of his thoughts and displaying themselves there with some devilish effect of phosphorescence.

At luncheon time on the third day it dawned upon him that the gloom of his mind had broken the heart of his appetite. He looked at the bill of fare handed him by the stranger who wore the livery of the Applied Arts club, and after a minute's labored scrutiny lifted his head and glanced about him. A score of members at other tables were eating—undoubtedly eating as if they enjoyed themselves. The spectacle surprised him because he verified the impression by another look at the card—the viands set forth were nothing less than abhorrent; their very names revolted his senses. He tried to think of something not enumerated, some favorite dish which might be prepared to his order; but all food revealed itself to his interrogation as an offence. A little shiver of vague alarm caused him to push back his chair and half rise to his feet.

"I think—" he began, intent upon justifying himself to the waiter, and then stopped. A newcomer had moved toward the table, with the light of recognition on his face and the beginnings of a gesture which might mean a greeting. Passy intuitively completed his rising, and turned the words on his lips without a hitch to a new use.

"I think this is my old friend, Laurence Mole," he said, with a strenuous geniality. They shook hands warmly, and Passy, who hated having his hand squeezed, for the once rather liked the effect of a powerful and energetic grasp. Even as he twisted his cramped fingers about to get the blood back into them, he smiled gratefully into Mole's face. "My dear fellow, I can't tell you—" he started, and then let another smile, still more beaming, finish his sentence for him, as the other obeyed his mute invitation, and took the opposite chair.

Really, it was amazing to think how glad he was to see Mole. The recollection that they had never been more than smoking-room acquaintances rose in his mind; he even recalled that he had rather shunned Mole as a common-place and uninspired creature, in the old days—but none the less he welcomed him now as a brother. It required an effort to keep utter silliness out of the grin with which he continued to regard Mole's broad shoulders, and buoyant if unilluminated countenance. It came to him that he had heard much of the money Mole got for his landscapes. His solvency was notorious among fellow-artists, along with his supreme unwillingness to have it imposed upon. To look at him, he was more the strong stock-broker than the painter. His linen, his cheerful chuckle, the fine, hard surface of his carefully shaven cheek and chin, were badges of a philistine prosperity. It was not to be forgotten, too, that Mole never talked shop; one might meet him for years, and not gather that he knew the difference between cadmium and turpentine. Indeed, his great point was that he didn't talk at all. He listened superbly, though, with an unapproachable patience and show of interest; and Passy felt suddenly that what he had wanted most of all was a listener.

The tale spread for Mole's unflinching ears was a long and diffuse one. He ate as he listened, with a robust, matter-of-course zest which greatly strengthened Passy's confidence. A brain so nourished and buttressed with extra helpings and duplicated portions must of necessity be serenely steadfast and sensible; the ideal brain for the adviser to an unemployed gentleman with nerves. Passy scarcely noted that he himself was now able to eat as well, and to drink freely of the old brown ale in cobwebbed bottles which Mole prescribed. He set forth his case with eagerness, enforcing its salient points with a veined and flexibly thin forefinger on the cloth.

Summarized, Passy's was the narrative of a large self-satisfaction, insidiously undermined and at last brought down in ruins by the burrowing of a group of ambitions at cross-purposes with one another. There had been at the outset a notable talent—he thought of it now as a fatal talent—for appreciation. His passion for music answered across the deeps to his awed reverence for architecture. His intuitive feeling for the right thing in painting looked askance at his delicate perception of sculpture's inmost significance. He commanded the languages of armor, of block-printing, of tapestries and tooled bindings and carved oak; but when they spoke to him all at once the effect was confusion. The severe and complicated charms of heraldry beckoned him one way; the looser blandishments of mediæval pottery appealed from another quarter. The Japanese thing had laid a lighter hand upon him than might have been predicted, but stained glass of the Burgundian period bore down heavily, and the earlier schools of miniature painting cried aloud to him. Treading roughly on the heels of these antique lures, and often elbowing them aside, for that matter,

and thrusting itself to the fore, came that grossly up-to-date affair, amateur photography. Passy had moments of deep shame in its company—and yet—might it not prove after all the true friend in need? The others were admittedly finite; their fascination had been all ascertained and ticketed; the completed set of their tricks was to be found in catalogues. But who could tell what novel conquests the bromides and nitrates might not be reserving for the real Prince Charming among connoisseurs?

"The upshot of it is, then," said Mole at last, "that between them all you don't know which to pick."

"Yes, that seems to be it," Passy admitted. They were in the members' smoking-room now, and regarded each other from the depths of big easy-chairs before the fire, what time they did not stare torpidly through their cigar haze at the coals and vacancy. "Yes, that is precisely it. I must find a profession among them somewhere. It need not be extremely lucrative; I look to it for supplementary earnings, not for my whole income. It must be something that a gentleman can do; it should preferably be connected with the arts."

Mole nodded reflectively. He spoke slowly, after a silence. "What you want, first of all, is a studio."

Passy lifted his head. The dogmatism of tone and remark impressed him, but he had misgivings. "Of course that would come in later," he assented; "but is it really the leading necessity? Ought I not first to settle what I am going to do in my studio, before I get it?"

"Not in the least. No mistake can be more grievous than to hesitate and fiddle about in matters of this nature. It is plain enough that indecision mars your character. You must do battle with it here and now if it is not to wreck your career. Say to yourself that you will immediately take a studio—and upon the word go out and secure one. When once you are lodged in it, when once the fact of possessing it has entered into your being, then everything else will be comparatively simple. It really doesn't matter so much what you do in your studio, so far as that goes; the essential thing is to have one."

"It is a bold process," mused Passy. "It would not have occurred to me, but I think I grasp your thought. You feel that the studio, so to speak, will make the selection for me; that when I have made a fitting home for the bride, as it were, then the one who should be chosen will be drawn toward it, and I shall know her, and go out to meet her."

"Or words to that effect," Mole assented. "In short, once you have a studio, you will know how to live up to it. Without a studio—well, you behold yourself—timid, frightened, disconsolate, pitching fruitlessly about like a cork in a millrace."

"Yes; I profess myself convinced," said Passy. "And, since you spoke of the want of indecision, I will pile deeds upon persuasion. Come with me now! I will not sleep until I have scoured the painters' quarters for a studio."

"Oh, it's only twenty minutes' walk," remarked Mole, lighting a second cigar. "Have another liqueur of brandy? You will be overpowered with delight at the place. If it had been planned and built for you by Providence it could not more ideally fit your wants. It will flood you with suggestions and inspirations. It will take charge of Destiny in your name."

Passy lifted his little glass toward his friend. "Your enthusiasm is contagious!" he cried. "How wonderfully you have put heart in me! Doubts? I laugh in their face! Uncertainties? I set my foot on them! Come, let us get out! I am consumed with eagerness to begin. You spoke as if you had a place in mind—but there must be the condition that I enter at once."

"That is the beauty of it all," replied Mole. "I am leaving England, certainly for months, perhaps for years. I start for Malaga this very evening. There is no reason why, if you will it, you should not sleep in your studio to-night."

"Perhaps I do not completely follow you," said Passy doubtfully. "The exact connection between—"

"Oh, to be sure, I hadn't mentioned it," broke in Mole, as he got to his feet. "It is my studio that you are to take off my hands."

Darkness gathered in early upon the succeeding day—prematurely even for November in London. Passy had never crowded much labor into a single day, and when at last the light faded away in the broad sliding sashes high overhead, he forebore to use the gas, and called his work done in a novel spirit of content.

A boisterous fire of wood crackled and roared on the iron under the huge open fireplace and carved chimney front, which monopolized most of one side of his studio. The chimney was a bad new imitation of something that had never been worth copying, and its days were already numbered in Passy's mind, but for the moment he could almost forgive it, so invigorating and fine was the snapping blaze below. He drew up a big lounging-chair, placed beside it a small table, with glasses and a bottle of sloe gin—the

one native beverage in England which caught his present whim—lit a cigarette, and sat down to receive self-congratulations by his own hearthside, at his own pleased leisure.

The studio was really a wonderful affair. From the point of view of the rising wind outside it was an exposed glass structure, flimsily founded, and placed in an open angle nearest the bridge, where the full sweep of the river blasts could enfold and grind and rattle it about to the heart's content. As the new owner saw and felt it from the inside, this very fact of its being the plaything of blasts lent a stimulating air of adventurous isolation to the place. The engirdling wind which shook it at the shutters, and tried the door; which whistled across the skylights up above, and dragged the flames upward from the hearth with the bellowing suction of a simoon, created for him a kind of island on which to live secure from observation and intrusion. He sipped at his glass, and smiled affectionately upon the blazing logs, and stretched out his slippers feet toward them.

Presently he thought he would dress and drive to the club for dinner. The bedraggled file of incapable four-wheelers which usually vegetated on the incline leading to the bridge outside had evidently been scattered by the tempest, but Charles would call a cab. Or no; upon reflection Charles had taken a holiday to view the Lord Mayor's show, and would be seen no more till morning. However, sufficient unto the hour was the hansom thereof. Just now he would have thought for nothing but the luxury of having a home and being in it.

Around three sides of the tall central space ran a gallery, to be reached by a flight of stairs at the rear, and up there partitions had been put in by Mole—or some unknown predecessor of his—to form a bedroom and dressing-chamber. All this upper part was wrapped now in darkness, but during the day Passy had hung from the gallery rail some old rugs, and breadths of embroidered altar vestments, and the reflected firelight upon these was delightful to the eye. The contents of the cases he had brought home in his modest way as a collector were all in evidence—cassises, fans, swords, jars, reliquaries, and the rest—upon the walls or in appropriate corners. Mole, in his hurried departure, had left easels, and an infinity of artistic raw material—big, stretched canvases, portfolio, drawing books and blocks, old frames, rejected beginnings of pictures, and so on into the flat rubbish of a studio's litter. Beyond pushing it as far into the background as possible, and here and there picking out a bit for the walls, Passy had not dealt with this embarrassing legacy as yet. On the morrow he would go through it more attentively, and make a definite clearance of what was not wanted.

The lines upon which his wants would be likely to proceed were hardly clearer than they had been yesterday, but the fact no longer possessed any urgency. What was of much more value than his studio furniture and waste, Mole had left a cheerful and comprehensive impulse toward optimism, which continued to warm and brighten the place. Oddly enough, Mole mentioned incidentally that he was leaving England because he was broken-hearted, or something like that; but if this were true, then he had a marvelous talent for keeping his emotions in separate bulkhead compartments, so to speak, for Passy had got nothing but high spirits and gay confidence from contact with him. A casual suggestion from their talk had taken a certain root in Passy's mind. It had to do with the possibility of lectures on the arts in general, illustrated by lantern-slide views of objects, places, ateliers, and the like. Perhaps there was something in the idea, and Passy had gone so far as to get out some hundreds of negative films, and assort them, and think of making prints from them if there was ever any real daylight in London. But if that project came to naught, then some other would fructify. It was all right. He smiled again and rolled another cigarette.

A noise which had seemed to be a part of the wind's general racket repeated itself at the door, and caught his ear. Something like a hurricane was blowing outside, and there were streaming splashes of rain upon the glass now as well. The sound came again. It was hard to make sure whether it belonged to the storm's hubbub or not, but after a moment Passy's zeal as a new proprietor triumphed, and he went to the door.

It opened into a little passage, descending in three steps to the outer door which gave upon the street pavement. When he drew back the spring bolt of this latter a tremendous swoop of rain-laden wind on the instant flung him backward, with the door banged upon him. A figure of some sort was swept into the passage by the same violent propulsion, and when he turned from finally mastering and securing the door, it was to note that this somebody had ascended the steps and entered the studio.

(To be concluded next week.)

What She Thinks About.

San Francisco Argonaut.

There has been an impression in the minds of young dancing-men that when a girl of two or three seasons sits out a dance under her mother's wing, her rapt look of reverie is a bluff, that she is as keenly observant of the approach of a possible partner as is the debutante whose roving eye sends an appealing glance to every unattached man she ever saw before. But it is a mistake; the seasoned girl is really thinking, and these are some of the thoughts she thinks: "Why is it you like to reform a man and are sorry if you do?" "Is it wicked to sympathize



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with a man who does not 'make a good husband?' "What makes your mother cross when you say you believe in giving men a great deal of liberty?" "When the wife of a man you used to like has sprained her ankle, why do you ask them to dinner?" "When you meet your brother driving with a person, why doesn't he see you? Why is he deferential afterward?" "What makes you believe a stupid man must be worse than he seems? What makes you think a bright man can't be so bad as he seems?"

A Winter Home in Toronto.

Families contemplating closing their houses for the winter months will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front (the most modern hotel in the city, steam heated, baths, electric light, gas, elevator, etc.), a perfect home. Mr. Charles A. Campbell will be pleased to give special rates.

Winners and Losers

in the recent active speculation in December wheat will both alike have their nerves soothed and strengthened by using only Muller's Westminster smoking tobacco. 9 King street west.

The Penitent Monkey.

A lazy miller cannot grind with the water that has passed, neither can penitence undo the wrong that has been done. *Harper's Young People* tells a little story which we commend to mischievous folks:

Captain Carter, who lived in Washington, D. C., when on land had a great fancy for fine fowls, and among his collection prized a fine old king gobbler. On his last cruise he brought home a mischievous young monkey, which gave him so much trouble that it was a good deal like an elephant on his hands. One day, hearing a terrible squawking in the

hennery, the captain found Jocko with the king gobbler under his arm, while he was liberally pulling out its last feather. The captain rescued the turkey and punished the monkey, who knew very well why he was chastised.

The next day, again hearing a commotion among the feathered tribe, he went to the scene of action, and there sat Jocko with the much-persecuted gobbler between his knees, while he was trying to put the feathers back. His intentions were good, but the turkey did not appreciate them.

A Handsome Card.

A very handsome and appropriate colored card given away by the Canadian Pacific Railway announces that as usual that great railway has been looking after the interests of everybody and are now prepared to talk about cheap rates for the Christmas and New Year's holidays.

Teachers and students for one first class one-way fare and one-third can procure return tickets enabling them to go from December 11th to 24th, and return until January 11th, 1897. Commercial travelers get round trip tickets for single first class fare, good going from December 19th to 25th, and to return January 4th, 1897.

To the general public tickets will be issued at single first class fare for the round trip starting December 24th and 25th, returning until December 31st, also December 31st and January 1st, returning until January 2nd, 1897; and for single first class fare and one-third return tickets can be purchased good to go from December 23rd to 25th, and December 30th and 31st and January 1st, good to return until and including January 4th, 1897. Everyone should obtain a card and follow the route of Mr. Santa Claus.

The bride was supported to the altar by her father. After that she took in washing.



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Music.

THE first concert under the auspices of the recently organized Toronto Chamber Music Association was given in the Guild Hall, McGill street, on Thursday evening of last week. A large audience, representative of the culture and fashion of the city, was present, including a considerable contingent of our most prominent professional and amateur musicians. The satisfactory manner in which all the arrangements leading up to the event had been superintended by the committee of ladies having the matter in hand, as well as the success attending the efforts of the performers engaged for the occasion, is a matter upon which all concerned may well be congratulated. The artists participating were the Detroit Philharmonic Club (Yunck String Quartette), Mr. H. M. Field, pianist, and Madame Bernhard Walther, soprano, and the programme presented embraced Beethoven's string quartette in F minor, op. 95; Raff's Die Schöne Müllerin, op. 102, No. 2; Goldmark's Quintette, op. 39, for piano and strings, and songs by Maude Valerie White, Liza Lehmann and Nevin. A more popular and possibly a more grateful number than the ultra-classical Beethoven quartette chosen might perhaps have been selected for this, the first concert of the series. Little fault, however, could be found with its interpretation beyond a slight lack of sympathy between the performers. Indeed, in this respect, their playing generally during the evening was not up to the admirable form usually displayed by this sterling organization. This may have been due partly to the unfortunate illness of one of the members, who manifestly played under great difficulties. Principal interest centered in the performance of the Goldmark quintette. Considering the fact that this important and exacting number was given with but one previous combined rehearsal of the strings and piano, the performance reflected infinite credit upon the talented group of artists comprising the quintette of performers on this occasion. In this splendid specimen of chamber-music composition the inventive genius and brilliant musicianship of the composer are demonstrated in a remarkable manner. A feature of its performance was the admirable work of Mr. Field at the piano. The great technical difficulties with which the work bristles were surmounted with apparent ease by this excellent pianist. His brilliant execution, combined with a due regard for the finer points of detail, and an artistic musical sympathy, without which a refined ensemble would be impossible, were in evidence throughout the presentation of the quintette, a work which served as a fitting climax to the first concert of the series announced by the Association. Mr. Yunck, the popular leading violinist of the quartette, who contributed a solo, received an ovation at the conclusion of his fine performance of the eighth concerto by Spohr, and was obliged to respond to an encore. Mme. Walther was also accorded a very cordial reception in her several songs. Her voice, a pleasing mezzo-soprano of pure quality, was displayed to excellent advantage in her chosen selections. Special mention should be made of her distinct enunciation and of the naturally expressive style which characterized her singing. A word of praise is due Sig. Dinelli for his artistic accompaniments. The date of the second concert has been fixed for March 4 next.

The annual concert of the University of Toronto Glee Club, which took place on Friday evening last in Massey Hall, attracted a large and fashionable audience. The Club was assisted in a very attractive programme by the Banjo and Guitar Club, and Mandolin and Guitar Club, under Mr. George F. Smedley; Mr. Frank King, baritone; Mr. W. S. McKay, bass; Mr. W. F. Robinson, clarinet solo; Mr. J. S. Martin, assistant conductor, and Mr. W. P. Love, accompanist. Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the talented conductor of the Glee Club, also appeared in a tenor solo. Main interest naturally centered in the singing of the Club. The students justly take much pride in the excellence of their musical organization, and great credit is due the committee of management, and more particularly the conductor, for the present artistic standing of the Club. They have perhaps never excelled their work of the concert under notice and may fairly claim to rank among the most efficient college choruses on the continent. Mr. Walter Robinson in his vocal solo, and Mr. W. F. Robinson in his admirably rendered clarinet solo, were enthusiastically applauded. The Varsity Banjo and Guitar Club, and Mandolin and Guitar Club were, as usual, accorded a hearty reception, as also were Messrs. McKay and King in their respective solos. Taken all in all the concert was one of the liveliest and most enjoyable ever given by the boys, and augured well for the artistic success of the western tour upon which they have since entered.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club, whose concert on Feb. 11 next is being looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations by the musical public, have engaged the famous Russian violinist, Gregorovich, as one of the assisting artists for the occasion. This splendid performer recently made his American debut in New York, and the press of the metropolis is unanimous in pronouncing him one of the greatest players of the day. Besides this phenomenal performer, the concert will be the means of introducing to the Toronto public the eminent baritone, David Bispham, whose triumphs at Covent Garden, London, and more recently at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, stamp him as an artist in the very front rank of the world's foremost singers. The committee are deserving of every praise for the good judgment and enterprise they have shown in the selection of the above named artists. With a large and well drilled chorus of about one hundred voices constituting the active membership of the Club, this year's concert should prove one of the very best of the local musical season.

The song recital given on Monday evening last in Massey Hall by the eminent English baritone, Franzee Davies, was not attended by as large an audience as the surpassing artistic merit of the event deserved. Seldom, if ever, has a singer visited Toronto who combined in

his work so many points of excellence as Mr. Davies. His voice is a baritone of splendid quality, in which purity of tone and volume are happily blended. His interpretation of a varied programme, embracing many schools of song, proved him to be an artist of unusual attainments and broad culture. It is doubtful whether a more intensely dramatic example of singing than his superb rendering of It Is Enough, from Mendelssohn's Elijah, has ever been heard in Toronto. His other numbers were interpreted with such remarkable expressiveness and charming freedom of style that criticism for once was entirely disarmed. The enthusiasm of the small audience was unbounded, the singer being repeatedly recalled. Mrs. Chadwick of London played the accompaniments with admirable taste and effectiveness.

In response to numerous enquiries the following list of selections to be rendered by the Mendelssohn Choir at their approaching concert on January 28 is given: Mendelssohn—motette, Hear My Prayer—soprano obligato by Mlle. Verlet, the eminent French soprano; Hawley—double chorus, Trisagion and Sanctus; Gounod—motette, By Babylon's Wave; Leslie—double chorus, Scots Wha Hae; Baumer—The Chimes of Oberveles; Caldwell—humorous part-song, Humpty Dumpty; Blumenthal—part-song, Night; Strelezi—choral transcription, Dreams; besides choruses respectively for women's and men's voices only. Dr. Bridge's clever romance, Bold Turpin, which was received with so much enthusiasm last season, has also been included in this year's programme, a large number of requests from subscribers for its repetition having been received. Subscriptions are being received in large numbers, and prospects indicate the most successful concert, both financially and artistically, ever given by the society.

A song recital of much interest was given at the College of Music on Tuesday evening last by Madam Lucy Franklin, assisted by Miss Fannie Sullivan, pianist, Herr Rudolf Ruth, cellist, and Mr. O. A. Morse, organist. Madam Franklin's selections embraced compositions by Sterndale-Bennett, Mercadante, Sullivan, Ambrose Thomas, and Douglas Dean. These were rendered in a most satisfactory manner, in which the vocalist displayed a good quality of tone supported by musical intelligence and culture of a very high order. Miss Sullivan contributed several piano solos in admirable style, and took part with Herr Ruth in Grieg's Sonata for piano and cello, a number which proved one of the most interesting and effective items on the programme. Mr. Morse played a Toccata by Dubois for organ, and also played the organ obligato to Sullivan's Lost Chord. The recital was on the whole one of the most enjoyable yet given at the College this season.

A most enjoyable sacred concert was given on Monday evening last in Euclid avenue Methodist church, under the auspices of the excellent choir of the church. The concert was a success in every particular, and the excellent manner in which a very attractive programme was carried out reflected the highest credit upon the choir, the assisting soloists and the musical director of the church, Mr. R. G. Kirby. The following well known soloists took part: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blight, Mr. J. M. Sherlock, Miss Helen Mae Patterson (elocutionist), Miss James and Mr. R. G. Kirby. The authorities of Euclid avenue church are entitled to congratulations upon the standard attained by their choir since Mr. Kirby assumed charge of the musical services of the church.

The concert given in St. Alban's cathedral on Thursday evening of last week was in every way a gratifying success. The excellent work of the choir under Mr. Kemp's direction, the artistic singing of the popular soprano, Miss Klingner, the vocal solos contributed by Mr. Thompson, Mr. Dick, and Mr. Andersen's well interpreted violin solo combined to make a programme of unusual merit and effect. Several recitations were also rendered by Miss Lee, who was twice recalled. The choir of St. Alban's has for several seasons attracted attention because of its efficiency, particularly in unaccompanied singing. Its work on this occasion was again most creditable both to the members and their conductor.

A vocal recital was given by pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week. The programme introduced a number of the younger pupils of this energetic and successful teacher, and demonstrated the natural talent of those taking part as well as the care and skill exercised by Miss Reynolds in their instruction. Instrumental numbers were contributed during the evening by pupils respectively of Mr. Donald Herald, A.T.C.M., Miss S. E. Dallas, Mus. Bac., F.T.C.M., and Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M.

The choir of St. Paul's church, Peterborough, Mr. John Crane, organist, gave a very successful sacred concert on Thursday evening of last week, assisted by Mr. W. H. Dingle of Belleville, organ soloist, and Mr. Eaton, of the same city, baritone. The Peterborough Daily Examiner speaks in high terms of praise of the concert, and especially commends the fine work of the choir, which, under Mr. Crane's leadership, has earned for itself an enviable reputation for its efficiency and progressiveness.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the London College of Music, Ltd., of which Dr. Stocks Hammond, organist of St. James' cathedral, is organizing secretary for the United States and Canada. The next examination of this institution will be held in January in Toronto, Montreal, Kingston and Brockville, the examiners being Dr. A. Gore Mitchell, Mus. Doc. (Oxon), F.R.C.O., and Dr. D. J. J. Mason, Mus. Doc., L.R.A.M.

Miss Edith Schofield Scott is a young singer who is fast rising into public notice. She has a fine, bright soprano voice and sings with great taste and expression. She studied with Mr. E. W. Schuch, formerly choirmaster of St. James' cathedral, and for some years filled the position of soloist in his choir most acceptably. Miss Scott has an extensive repertoire of concert songs, and is especially happy in her rendition of sacred song.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of

the Bell Piano Co. which appears on page 15 of this issue. The marvelous orchestral attachments fitted to the Bell Pianos are now on exhibition, and musicians and the general public are cordially invited to inspect and hear the wonderful imitations at the Bell ware-rooms, 70 King street west.

Mr. Torrington proposes giving an Easter performance of Gounod's Redemption, with large chorus and full orchestra. Chorus singers desirous of taking part in the production are requested to send names to Mr. A. Tilley, 36 Victoria street (telephone 51), or to the conductor, Mr. Torrington, College of Music (telephone 1002).

Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer have published two new compositions by Prof. J. F. Davis, one being a waltz for piano entitled Sweetheart, I Dream of Thee, the other being a song with a waltz refrain and with the same title as the instrumental piece. Both compositions are now on sale and can be had at any of our music dealer's.

The Harris Orchestral Club of Hamilton gave its twenty-second concert on Tuesday evening of last week. The orchestra was assisted by Miss Winnifred Carman of Buffalo, contralto, and the programme and the manner in which it was carried out are spoken of by the press of the Ambitious City in flattering terms.

Mr. Joseph Huggill, the well known violin maker of this city, has had several letters of enquiry concerning his violins from European dealers since the success of his exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago. The latest enquiry comes from Amsterdam, from one of the leading musical instrument dealers of that city.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organist at Dundas Center Methodist church, London, and conductor of the London Choral Society, has been elected conductor of the Choral Society of Ingersoll, and visits that town weekly in order to conduct its rehearsals.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison has been appointed conductor of the newly organized Whitby Choral Society.

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Marriages.
RODGER-BOWMAN—Dec. 16, Alex. F. Rodger to Louise Bowman.
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DAY-THOMPSON—Dec. 14, John Lewis Day to Gertrude Elizabeth Thompson.
ODGEN-HERDMAN—Dec. 10, Albert Odgen to Etta Herdman.

Deaths.
WALTON—Dec. 11, Wesley Walton, aged 59.
CRUICKSHANK—Dec. 10, Annie Cruickshank.
LANDER—Dec. 11, Caroline E. Lander.
PETTIT—Dec. —, Rev. Canon Pettit, aged 70.
PLASKETT—Dec. 13, John S. Plaskett, aged 50.
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The Old Days in Canada.

Condensed from a paper read by Miss E. Yates Farmer before the Women's Historical Society.

THE first church in Ontario—then, of course, Upper Canada—was that built by the Mohawks on the Grand River in the time of George III. It is a plain frame building, still standing and in use. For years it was the only church with a bell and steeple in the province. A valuable sacramental service of plate bears the words: "The gift of Her Majesty Queen Anne, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, of Her Plantations in North America, Queen of Her Indian Chapel of the Mohawks."

The first English church in Ontario was built at Kingston in the year 1792.

The first Protestant clergyman to officiate in Upper Canada, and probably in all Canada, was Rev. John Ogilvie, D.D. He was chaplain to a British regiment in an expedition to Fort Niagara in 1759. Rev. Robert Addison was sent to this country by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts in 1790. A Rev. Mr. Langhorn officiated as clergyman in Ernestown early in the present century.

Of the latter many curious and humorous details are recorded. When the war of 1812 broke out, Mr. Langhorn, growing nervous, published the following notice in the *Kingston Gazette*: To all whom it may concern: The Rev. J. Langhorn of Ernestown intends returning to Europe this summer if he can find a convenient opportunity, and all who have any objections to make are requested to acquaint him with them, and they will much oblige their humble servant, J. Langhorn.

Mr. Langhorn, it seems, never wore socks or gloves the year around and was distinguished for the size and lustre of his shoe-buckles. He carried a bag of books on his back in his pilgrimages about the country, and firmly persisted in his rule never to accept a marriage fee, though he always demanded three coppers for his clerk.

The first marriage was celebrated in French Canada in 1620, the parties being Guillaume Couillard and Guilmette Hebert. In the days of scattered population in Ontario, and few Protestant clergymen, couples often had to wait years before being able to have the marriage ceremony performed.

After the revolt of 1837 a law was enforced that only Church of England ministers could celebrate a marriage. In Upper Canada the marriage monopoly was held by Rev. Mr. Luggard, who lived a few miles out of Brantford. The law concerning fees was that a marriage in a parson's house cost one dollar, whereas, if he were called upon to drive any distance, the fee was five. Consequently Mr. Luggard was urgent in inculcating that the orthodox way of getting married was to drive to the nearest hotel in Brantford. Marriages in the parsonage, he held, partook of the nature of a "schism," and struck at the root of all true religion, and to discourage such he would only consent to unite couples who insisted on them, in the woodshed.

Presents for Men.

The aphorism that "there is nothing like leather" appeals to the masculine mind, where utility, durability and compactness are qualities above ephemeral prettiness and fashion. There is, however, a fashion in leather, as in all other things, and the Julian Sale show-rooms and counters display the latest novelties this week. Such strong, natty, useful affairs among them, a few of which I will point out. Instead of the cumbersome collar and cuff boxes, which take up an unconscionable space in a man's modest trunk, there are shown flat, accordion-sided cases of seal, calf and morocco—amply long for the reception of the largest size in collars, and containing a separate compartment for



cuffs. A cut appended shows this very neat and acceptable novelty in the way of a Christmas gift for the master of the house. A very elegant necktie sachet, from Paris, in lithographed calf, delicate and beautiful, somewhat resembling leopard spots, and coming in faint green shade, with "Cravates," and clasp of gold, is pretty enough for the dressing-stand of the most dainty cavalier. This preparation of leather is quite novel, and called tarrasco. Another Parisian trifle is a letter-case in enameled calf, the shade being a very delicate fawn, lined with moire. A couple of small leather books in tan pebbled cases surprise one who meditates the purchase of a church service and hymnal, by disclosing their contents as a couple of whist packs, with counters cunningly inserted in tiny inside pockets on the covers. There are handsome writing folios, with every necessary for fashionable correspondence, photo frames in Mexican leather work, and holding from two to half a dozen pictures, street car ticket-holders, on which a great run has been made, and for the ladies, pretty purses, card cases and tablets in burnt leather work, with chateaux, which are to be worn again this season. Besides these novelties, any of which make a useful Christmas present, there are splendid Gladstones, toilet cases, traveling dressing-bags, manicures, and every size and shape of box and trunk possible. LA MODE.

The Monk to the Queen.

An English journal is responsible for the following. When Queen Victoria visited the Grande Chartreuse Monastery, an Irish monk

was presented to her. "Do you not feel cold in the head in winter?" asked Her Majesty, when she saw his clean-shaven crown. "No, madam," was the ready reply; "I come of a hot-headed race."

A Double Killing.

A TORONTO hunter named Brownlayson has a reputation as a nimrod that would be hard to beat.

Brownlayson was with a party of hunters in Gurd Township, Parry Sound district, on a deer hunt. One morning he struck off by himself. Late in the afternoon he caught sight of a buck standing in the bushes close to a small open glade. He stalked the deer down and obtained a fair shot at him. The shot struck the animal in the shoulder but did not bring him down at once. The buck ran for a short distance, but while crossing the open glade the bullet took effect and he stumbled and was unable to rise.

Brownlayson ran forward, and drawing his hunting-knife despatched the buck.

Then he drew away a short distance and stood leaning over, watching the dying animal's struggles. He rested the hunting-knife on his hip with the hilt to his body. Suddenly something struck him from behind and the knife was wrenched violently from his grasp. The impact threw him head foremost almost upon the dying deer. He slowly picked himself up and found a ram lying a short distance away, kicking in a death agony, his knife lying close beside the ram's head.

On examination it was found that the ram had the misfortune in its attack upon Brownlayson to strike the blade of the knife, which entered the socket of its eye, and ploughing

The First Skating Accident of the Season.



The Skater—Pardon me, sir, but that last fancy figure I did has tangled me up so that I shall have to get your assistance to undo myself.—*Harper's Weekly.*

along beneath the bones entered the brain center, of course almost instantly killing him. As there was no farmhouse within ten miles of the place where the double killing took place, it is conjectured that the ram was running wild in the woods.

At any rate Brownlayson can tell a good story, and when the cry of "fish" is raised he is ready to prove it by the affidavits of his fellow hunters.

Drunken Hens.

London Weekly Despatch.

A story of shocking depravity on the part of poultry has just been told in the Sheriff's court at Oban. John Turner Laggan claimed fifty pounds damages, restricted to twelve pounds, against a local distillery company for injury done to his hens "by the said company having allowed intoxicating material to flow into the Laggan burn." This material, it was said, caused drunkenness amongst the pursuer's poultry, and consequently rendered them of little, if any, value to him. Mr. Laggan stated that for some years past he had been making a considerable income from keeping poultry, but since the starting of the distillery he had made little or nothing. His hens and ducks would not eat. They were, he might say, almost always more or less under the influence of drink, except on Sundays, when the distillery was not working. On Sundays their condition was pitiable in the extreme. Mondays were their worst days, for then the hens drank excessively, fell into the burn frequently, and lately he had to keep a boy to look after them on Monday mornings. They took no food unless they first had a walk to Laggan burn. Their conduct on shore was generally reprehensible, and the ducks were no better than the hens. It took the poultry some time to dis-

cover the burn. He thought it was a hen he had bought at Fort William that made the discovery first, and that she had led the rest astray.

Superintendent Moss was then asked by Mr. Scott to place on the bench a large cage of wicker-work containing the Fort William hen referred to. Mr. Scott (to Mr. Laggan)—This is the Fort William hen?—It is. Is it sober?—It is not. Anyone could notice that this was correct, for the bird sat on the bottom of the cage and put its long neck through the bars, looked sideways at the ceiling, crooning to itself in what was termed a "maudlin style." Finally she seemed to address some forcible remarks to his lordship, who ordered her to be taken away. Was this hen at the distillery burn this morning?—Anyone could see that. (Laughter.) How are the other hens to-day?—Worse than this one. Was this the only one you could take to court?—Yes. Why?—The rest were too drunk. So that on the whole the Fort William hen is not the worst?—That is so. How do you account for that?—She can stand it better. Cross-examined: What do the hens do when they return from the burn?—Sleep. Anything else?—After a sleep they generally fight. In the end Sheriff Macdavis declared that the case being a peculiar one, he should have to postpone his decision. Outside the court the Fort William hen was the object of much interest. A thoughtful individual presented to it fully half a glass of whisky, which it took greedily. This revived it considerably, and it cackled at a great rate, to the intense enjoyment of the bystanders.

A Great Linguist Baffled.

The late Professor Steven J. Young of Bowdoin was an accomplished linguist. One day he was on a train bound from Bangor to Brunswick, when the conductor, who knew him, entered his car and asked him to come out to the second-class coach to try and find out where a certain stupid foreigner was going. The conductor had attacked him on all the foreign tongues he knew, but could get no other response than a stupid stare. The professor went to the rear of the train. The passenger sat in his seat looking very much bewildered and disturbed. The professor went at him in Canadian French, then in German, then in the languages of Scandinavia, Egypt, Italy, Spain, and every other on the face of this green earth. Still the passenger sat mum as an owl, while the look of bewilderment deepened on his face. The professor was non-plussed, and was about turning in defeat to his own car when the man looked wearily out of the window and remarked sadly to himself:

"By gosh, I wish I was to home."

He was an Aroostook Yankee, and he could speak nothing but English.

Tho' Queen, Still a Woman.

N. Y. Truth.

Mrs. Benham—Do you suppose that kings and queens talk like ordinary mortals?

Benham—Certainly; I have no doubt that a queen asks her king if her crown is on straight.



Interior of Mr. Robert Barron's Mammoth Grocery Store, Corner Yonge and Czar Streets.

THE above picture shows the interior of Robert Barron's grocery store, 726-728 Yonge street, Toronto—the finest retail grocery store in Toronto, and one that has perhaps no equal in Canada in the elegance of its general appearance, the quality and variety of goods handled, and the volume of business transacted. The people who live in the north end of the city, and those who have access to lines of street cars running from the east or west along the north end, know all about the great grocery store on the corner of Yonge and Czar streets, but for the benefit of others, some pointers may be given.

When Messrs. Chase & Sanborn of Boston this year issued a beautiful volume of illustrations showing the interior of the leading and distinctively modern grocery stores of America, this store of Robert Barron's was the only one in Toronto or in the Province of Ontario that gained access to the volume. And in that volume no store on the continent presents a finer appearance. On this point the above reproduction from a photograph bears conclusive testimony.

The day of the stuffy, rough-and-tumble grocery store has gone by. This store has a frontage of 45 feet on Yonge street, and runs back 110 feet on Czar street. It has three immense plate-glass windows, and during the day every part of the store is bathed in a flood of light, while towards evening the whole place is lit up most brilliantly with electric chandeliers.

The concentration of trade, the examples which we have had in Toronto of what may be done in the way of departmental stores in attempts to monopolize the entire retail trade of the city, makes interesting the experiment which Robert Barron has been working upon for several years. He has built up a retail grocery business on a scale so large, and upon lines so modern, that whatever may happen and however departmental organizations may grow, he, as a specialist and the leader in his line, will continue to control the situation. Departmental stores aim to concentrate all lines of trade under a few roofs; Mr. Barron aims to concentrate the same energy and enterprise which the polygenous merchant scatters over a score of lines of trade, upon one special line

and to be supreme in that line. It stands to reason that this policy, carried out with vigor and skill by a man who surveys the world's markets for purchases, is bound to be successful, and this is why one of Toronto's most important stores—its greatest grocery store—stands on the corner of Yonge and Czar streets.

Any day in the year the store appears, to those who enter it, as though the goods had been bought fresh the previous day and had just been opened up.

Look at the picture—the counters are marble-topped and polished so that they always glisten. The circular counters around the pillars are also topped with marble, and such order prevails and so inexorable are the rules of tidiness that on the busiest day in the year one might suppose that the store was rigged out in a display to be photographed. And, by the way, not a hand was laid on the store to prepare it for the above picture. This is its natural, everyday appearance.

The scale of the business done enables Barron to sell at low prices. He imports a great deal

of his stock direct. It is his rule to examine and test all goods bought before placing them on sale, and it is another rule that one of Mr. Barron's sons shall inspect every order of goods put up by the clerks before it is checked to leave the store for delivery.

There is a large staff of clerks—all bright, experienced, trained. There is an overhead cash system for making change, and away at the back, above Mr. Barron's private office, is a gallery for the cashiers. In every detail the store is up-to-date and metropolitan. Without quoting prices it may be said that the store contains the best groceries that can be had in the world's markets, at the cheapest prices consistent with their perfect quality. Pinard's pate de fois gras, French peas in bottles and tins, imported French mustard, prunes, confits, truffles peles, mushrooms in truffles, pickled green figs and green figs in syrup, crystallized fruits, preserved ginger, the choicest pickles, the rarest cheeses, biscuits such as one remembers in Paris and London, sauces of the rarest sorts as well as those more familiar, flavorings and perfumes.

The display of Christmas poultry is worth seeing—the vegetables and dairy produce. The store should be visited in order to see how taste can make a grocery and provision store artistic and pleasant to all the senses.

In the organization of Barron's store one of the departments to which the greatest care has been given in order to arrive at the best possible system, is the delivery department. The delivery wagons leave the store every hour, and goods, when parceled, addressed and inspected, are passed on to the shipping-room, checked by the foreman, and sent off on the right route. The smallest purchase is treated with the same care and precision as the largest purchase. The store does an immense trade with people who drop in for daily necessities in the smallest quantities, and special pains are taken to suit such customers.

The holiday season is here, and Mr. Barron's store during the holidays is wide open to the public. People, whether they are shopping or not, are welcome to call and see this up-to-date store in full swing. Barron wishes the Toronto public all the compliments of the holiday season.



The collection of pictures of the late John Turner, which were to have been sold last month, were this week on view at the Roberts Art Gallery preparatory to their sale.

Miss Proctor and her pupils held an exhibition of their work last Monday and Tuesday in the reception-room of the Young Women's Guild, McGill street, that was highly creditable to both teacher and pupils. There was the usual array of useful and ornamental articles for house and table decoration, painted, especially in the case of the teacher, with a dainty touch and an eye to color. Miss Proctor has made advance in her treatment of figure, as several pieces testify, and in flowers the results are highly realistic rather than decorative.

Mr. T. Mower Martin showed some of his best last summer's work in the pictures exhibited last week on King street. His studies of animals and woodland views are perhaps among his happiest effects, showing conscientious, accurate workmanship, lacking in breadth sometimes, but the result of careful study. A large number of the pictures were sold at the close of the exhibition.

Classic proportions for a woman are: Height, five feet five inches; bust measure, thirty-two inches; waist measure, twenty-four inches; from the armpit to the waist, nine inches.

The *Art Amateur* mentions the coming to America of a number of foreign artists who will probably reap golden harvests in the field of portraiture. Foremost among these are Carolus-Duran and Chartran. From the prices of the first mentioned are these figures: Life-size portrait bust, \$4000; three-quarter length, \$6000; full length, \$8000. Mother and child, three-quarter length, \$10,000, and full length, \$14,000. Mr. John S. Sargent is also coming, and his prices are on almost as magnificent a scale. Madrazo, the noted Spanish painter, has a number of commissions awaiting him; Julian Story has taken a studio in New York and is already busy; Zorn, Albert Lynch, and Hubert Vos are also among the foreigners who, it seems, cannot fail to seriously interfere with the prospects of American artists. To quote from the paragraph referred to, "Almost without exception the Frenchmen denationalized their fairest sitters, robbing them not only of their individuality, but, in many cases, of their respectability. One could but think that quite as good results might have been attained if the ladies had stayed away altogether from the studios of the artists, and sent their clothes there to represent them."

We were glad to note in a criticism on the work shown at the exhibition of the National League of Mineral Painters in Cincinnati (which includes eight clubs of as many of the principal cities in the States), the remark that, "It was particularly interesting to note the growing tendency of conventional or semi-conventional work to supplant the realistic, and it must be admitted that this healthy influence contributed much to the dignity and repose of the entire exhibition." The fact seems to be too often lost sight of that china painting ought to be, in most cases at least,

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decorative, and recalls a sentence recently quoted in our hearing and referring to a kindred branch of art: "Wall decoration implies a space to be decorated, and therefore to be taken into account." China painting too often ignores completely what it decorates.

A number of Mrs. M. E. Dignam's pictures of Dutch landscapes and interiors are on view now in the Roberts Art Gallery, which show the artist to be in complete sympathy with the Dutch school. We regret that at time of writing they are not yet hung so as to be seen to advantage, but will refer to them again.

At the first annual exhibition of the Carnegie Art Galleries in Pittsburgh, the following prizes, given by Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, have been awarded by the Department of Fine Arts: First prize for American painting completed within 1896 and first exhibited in the Carnegie Galleries, \$5,000, to Mr. Winslow Homer, for *The Wreck*; second prize, \$3,000, to Mr. Gari Melchers, for *The Shipbuilder*; a gold medal, nationality not considered, to Mr. John Lavery, Glasgow, Scotland, for his *Lady in Brown*; a silver medal, nationality not considered, to M. J. F. Raffaelli, Paris, for his *Notre Dame*; a bronze medal, nationality not considered, to Miss Cecilia Beaux, Philadelphia, for her *Ernesta*.

On a second, or perhaps it was a third, visit to the Art Students' League exhibit we were drawn to four very finely executed miniatures by Miss Edith Hemming, two on paper and two on ivory. Of the latter, one was a little boy that was quite charming; the fresh coloring and sunny hair left nothing to be desired in that line, and the modeling was most carefully done. The beauty of the model possibly accounted for the greater attractiveness of this over the others.

Mr. F. McG. Knowles' portrait of Mr. O. F. Rice of the Imperial Bank, has been viewed on the studio walls, where it still hangs, by very many of the sitters' friends. It is a splendidly executed piece of work, the best, perhaps, the artist has yet done; an excellent likeness, a solidly painted and conscientious piece of work, giving a most forceful impression of the subject's personality as well as of the artist's freedom in expression. The pose is a seated one, full-face, the hands holding carelessly an open magazine; and the curtain behind, while distinctly of crimson plush and not a blur of indefinite color, keeps its place far back of the sitter.

"I found myself seated one evening," so said the late Sir John Millais, once upon a time, according to the *London Chronicle*, "at a rather grand dinner, next to a very pretty, gushing girl to whom I had not been introduced. She fired into conversation directly she had finished her soup, and as it was May, began with the inevitable question, 'I suppose you've been to the Academy?' I replied that I had. 'And did you notice the Millais?' Didn't you think they were awful daubs? I can't imagine how such things ever get hung!—' She was going on gayly in the same strain, while I sat silent, when suddenly the amused smiles of those around her, and the significant hush, brought her to a sudden stop. She colored rather painfully and whispered to me in a frightened voice, 'For heaven's sake, what have I done? Have I said anything dreadful? Do tell me.' 'Not now,' I replied; 'eat your dinner in peace and I'll tell you by and by.' She did so, rather miserably, vainly trying to extract from me at intervals what the matter was, and when dessert came I filled up her glass with champagne and told her to gulp it down very quickly when I counted three. She obeyed without protest, and I took the opportunity when she couldn't speak, to say, 'Well, I am Millais. But let's be friends!'"

Beginning Monday and ending to-day, Miss M. Cary McConnell has been holding a private view of her pictures of Dutch life, at her studio, Room 10, Pythian Hall, corner Queen and Victoria streets. These pictures are the result of Miss McConnell's summer sketching in Holland.

Here is a gag on the statuary of South Africa from the *Cape Register*: A countryman, who was paying his first visit to Cape Town, had been quietly gazing at a garden in one of the suburbs which boasts several marble statues among its ornaments. "Jest see what a waste!" observed our rural friend; "there's no less than six scarecrows in that garden, and any of 'em alone would keep off all the crows from a five-acre field." LYNN C. DOYLE.

Bravo Canada!

From Pick-Me-Up, London, Eng., Jan. 25, '96.

Bravo Canada! The Christmas number of *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT*, which has just come to hand from the publishers on "the other side," is indeed a capital production, beautifully illustrated and printed, and chock full of exciting stories. It happens to be the first copy of my contemporary I have seen, and though my welcome comes rather late, it is none the less hearty.

He'd Show Him.

Mrs. Stine (at telephone)—Is that you, papa? Well, I have tried for over an hour to make Jakey get up, and all I can say or do has no effect on him. What shall I tell him you say? Mr. Stine (at telephone)—Don't tell him I say anything. Just send him to the telephone. I'll make him get up mighty quick.

An Ecclesiastical Big Gun.

Kincaid Review.

The other day a clergyman of the Church of England was made a canon and the Montreal *Liar* of the New York *Sun* telegraphed his paper that Canada is making gigantic preparations for war.

A Great Scheme.

New York Truth.

Gothamite—How many rooms are there in your flat?
Harlemite—One.
Gothamite—One? Great Scott! How do you manage?
Harlemite—Oh, we have six sets of scenery. You see, when the cooks gets up in the morning she sets the kitchen scene and then gets our breakfast ready. By the time my wife and

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First Sailor—No, Bill, yer don't rally know what life is till yer get spliced.

Second Sailor—W'y shiver me timbers, mess-mate! I've never been married, true—but I've had yeller fever and cholera; I've been frost-bit, drowned, burnt alive, eat by a shark, blowed up at sea and operated on for appendicitis. Wot more does a reasonable chap want?

Is This It?

Mrs. Brown (at telephone)—Is this Smith & Co.'s dry goods store?

Mr. Smith (at phone)—Yes, madam.

Mrs. Brown—Well, I think I left my umbrella at your store this afternoon.

Mr. Smith—Yes, madam, here is one (holding umbrella up to the phone). Is this it?

Jerry Coe—There's Hopper, that's been behind a counter all his life, and I don't suppose he's worth a dollar to-day. Webb—Oh, dear, no! He isn't even worth his salary.

Little Pat Hooley (excitedly)—Oh, Mister McLubberty! Yure house is ahl on foire! McLubberty—Be aff wid yer jokes, ye young scrawn! Begorra, it's loyin' yes ar-r-re, fur Oi hov dhe kay in me pocket this minute!



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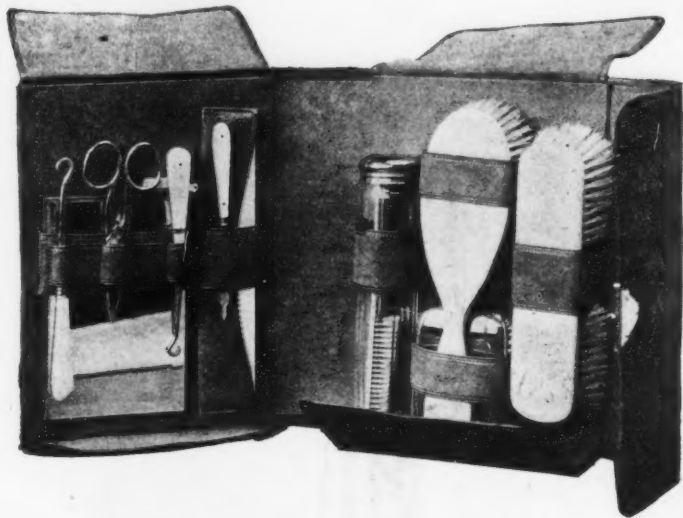
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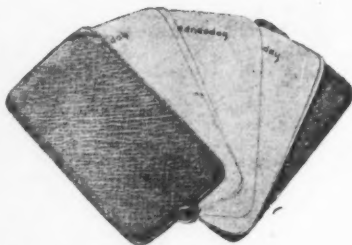
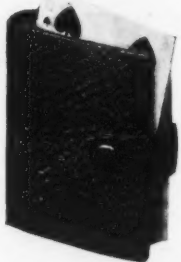


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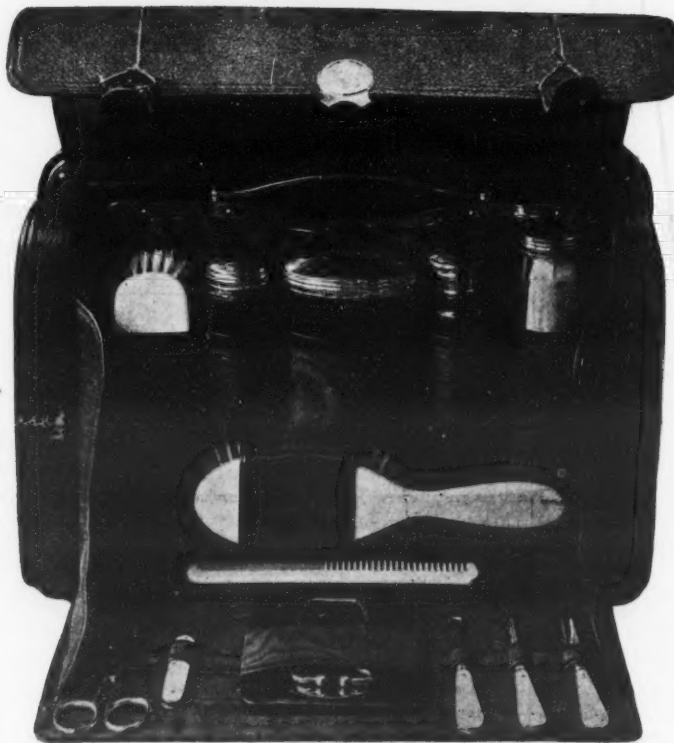
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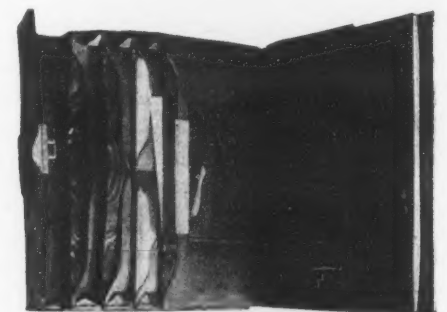
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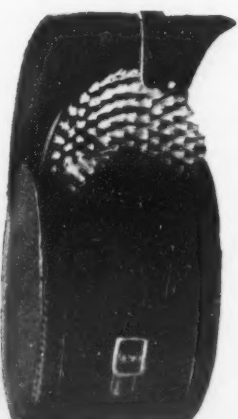
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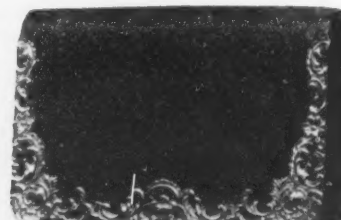
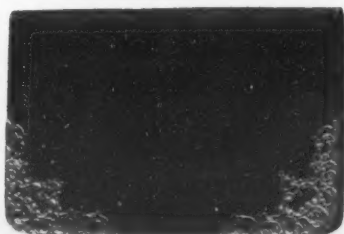
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